

Special Features This Issue
"Delivery of the *Kassablanca Too*"
"Last Sail of the Season" - "Longship"

PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
EAST INDIA SQUARE
SALEM, MA 01970



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 4

July 1, 2002



GV
771
1447

messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 20 - Number 4
July 1, 2002



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$28 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks. Production and subscription fulfillment is by Office Support Services.

Circulation inquiries and problems: contact Roberta Freeman, Office Support Services, 978-777-3557, e-mail: officesupport@attbi.com

Looking Ahead...

Bill Mantis brings us a blow by blow account of "The Battle of the Paddles, 2002"; and I look in on the annual "John Gardner Small Craft Workshop" at Mystic Seaport and a local "Gathering of Queen Mabs";

Ron Hoddinott reports on his adventures "Sailing to Cedar Key"; Jim Thayer begins a chronicle of "Ibex & Swaying Palms"; Chris Scanlon recalls a youthful adventure in "Last Sail to Prudence Island"; and Bill Gamblin's "Looking Back" series looks back at "An Early Swim".

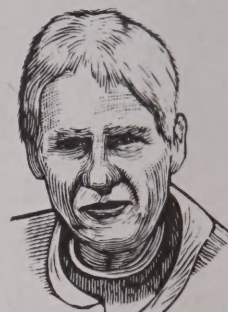
Jeff Hillier has the whole story on "The Return of the Alewife"; Robb White has latest word on his "Old New Skiff Update, Rescue Minor Progress & Outboard Woes" and we also get a look at an earlier Robb from a 1975 news article, "Wooden Boats...They are Graceful but White Finds Them Hard Sellers".

Wes White (name sound familiar?) presents his concept for a sailing proa in "Slewfeet"; and Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Update on Shivarree 18".

Art Brunt offers some guidance on "Low Tech Fishing 101".

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In every issue we usually run a couple of pages of letters from you, letters that don't require the space a full scale article would need. One of the arbitrary sub-headings I chose over time is "Opinions", which are always fun to receive and publish. Occasionally we get an opinion article that is just too big to fit onto the "You write to us about..." pages and I've run it opposite this page. In the newspaper world this is referred to as the "Op Ed" page. We have in this issue Lawrence Harris' views about amateur boat building.

Editors have always enjoyed the prerogative of having an "Editorial" page on which to espouse their views and opinions, as just about all publications have an agenda which they pursue. "Letters to the Editor" is where they accommodate the views of readers. "Op Ed" is where the views of others, whom the publication deem qualified, get to enjoy status a cut above above the ordinary "Letters..." pages.

I don't as yet have an official Op Ed page, but when a well thought out commentary such as Lawrence's comes in I set it up opposite my Commentary as a sort of Op Ed. Op Ed does not necessarily mean an opposing viewpoint, but it certainly can. In this issue Lawrence Harris does develop a viewpoint that can be construed as opposing the concept of "instant" boat building. He even brought this up to Dynamite Payson, a sort of guru of "instant" boat building.

I am happy that the subject we treat does not generate heated controversy for I lived through a lot of that in my earlier years and find the relatively non-controversial nature of messing about in boats relaxing in what has now become a retirement business for me. The business hasn't changed, but I do view it more and more as something of a retirement effort as I am old enough to qualify and do not have to work full time at it anymore.

I have no objection to controversy raising its head on our subject as long as it is

couched in moderate terms free of character assassination and verbal abuse. An occasional letter will arrive disagreeing with something read in an issue, in which the letter writer, rather than succinctly presenting his alternative viewpoint, undertakes to undermine the viewpoint the article expresses by attempting to persuade us that the writer of the disagreeable article is unqualified or worse. Happily this is a rare occurrence. If such a critique contains within it, amongst the verbal abuse, a viewpoint, I will extract it from the trashing and publish it.

I was really pleased to get Lawrence Harris' discussion as I agree with him in part about quick and easy boatbuilding being somewhat misleading a concept, if not perhaps an outright oxymoron. I do welcome this sort of opinion piece if any of you feel motivated to undertake such and will feature those that seem deserving on an OpEd page.

Another power often wielded by editors is that of having the last word. Too often I wince at smartass putdowns from editors who disagree with a letter someone writes to them. I don't mean something like "We remain unpersuaded...", but rather the sort of condescending remarks that imply that the letter writer is somehow an inferior and inadequate person. In this instance these editors are displaying inferiority and inadequacy of their own in their editorial roles.

From time to time I have expressed my delight in the wonderful variety of articles you send in for publication. Virtually all I receive get published, seldom have I felt something was not appropriate. This has resulted in the refreshing variety of articles we publish which seem to delight most of you as well as myself. This applies also to letters you write germane to our subject. So do write if you feel impelled to do so and if you've a lot to say it very well might end up on that Op Ed page over there.

On the Cover...

That's a Phil Bolger design folks, a 38' Viking Longship designed for a north German Viking Club group and its community. Full details and more photos in this issue.

I have greatly enjoyed your magazine and others devoted to small boats. Being primarily interested in amateur small boat building, I have a few comments on the latter subject which may be of interest to your readers. I have built eight boats, up to 16' in length and have the ninth, a Jim Michalak Vireo, under construction. Three were stitch and glue and the remainder were conventional (Bolger style) hard chine types. I have rehabilitated several others up to 24'. I don't consider myself an expert or claim to have all the answers. I do consider myself a somewhat experienced amateur.

In many articles, sales brochures, advertisements, and general commentary, there seems to be effort to sell amateur boat building as something almost ridiculously easy, inexpensive and quick. The cheapest possible materials are sometimes touted as "more than adequate". Absence of knowledge or experience is not only no impediment, it is practically a virtue. Lack of common woodworking tools likewise is no problem, as you need almost nothing.

Aspiring boat builders, as a service to this wonderful hobby, let me state this opinion: Amateur boat building, although not particularly difficult, as construction projects go, is neither easy, inexpensive, nor quick. Further if you use cheap materials, such as drywall screws or plywood of uncertain specification, you quite possibly will waste your time entirely, or have a product which does not engender pride.

If your primary goal is to have a small boat inexpensively and quickly, building it is an extremely inefficient means to acquire it. Rather, you should buy a used boat. You will have your boat immediately, and it will cost far less than the materials needed to build a similar boat. Most likely it will still need your handiwork, for repairs, improvements and paint; so you will work on it, even though you didn't build it. True, you probably will have to accept a mass produced aluminum or plastic boat, but they aren't all bad.

The hull shape of most conventional home built designs is no bargain either. I refer to the conventional hard chine, flat bottom designs which pre-dated the stitch and glue revolution. A Grumman canoe has a much better shape. Many fiberglass kayaks are fine boats. Don't sneer at the Old Town Tupperware line, either (although they can't be painted, modified, or repaired so far as I know); some aren't bad.

Let's suppose, knowing the above realities, that you want the experience of building a boat, as well as the pride of ownership of a hand crafted wooden boat. By all means, proceed. However, don't expect to finish it quickly, easily, or cheaply. It's a job of work, and it will take all your patience, ingenuity and skill to make a good job of it. Of course, your portion of each will be much greater after the project than before. Don't hurry and don't skimp on materials or tools. As I said, it's going to cost much more than that used canoe or kayak I mentioned, probably in materials alone, so be ready.

Many sellers of plans tout the idea that you don't need a jig or forms to build their instant boats. It has always seemed to me that no matter how simple the boat, it will go together easier, better, and ultimately, quicker, if you build it on a strongback or jig. I once wrote to Harold Payson and asked why he rec-

Amateur Boat Building, is Neither Easy, Inexpensive, nor Quick

By Lawrence J. Harris

commended against jigs or strongbacks, since they seemed a better way. He replied that dispensing with the strongback allowed the builder to get to the boat building quicker. In my opinion, dispensing with a preliminary step, which is clearly advantageous, just to see a little more progress sooner is poor economy. It's easy enough to twist your hull out of shape, especially with a stitch and glue design. Build a jig or strongback for your forms or molds. You won't regret it.

Although I personally would not use plywood or other materials if not clearly of marine grade, I realize that in many parts of the country obtaining these materials, at any price, is a problem. I am fortunate in living in the Seattle area, where everything I need is available at a reasonable cost. I noticed an ad for kayak kits in which the seller stated that marine plywood of the proper type for his boats was commercially available only in urban areas of the Pacific Northwest or the Northern Atlantic coast (therefore, better to buy his pre-cut kits). I can only say that you must use ingenuity to deal with this problem. If you use plywood that looks okay but whose water resistance is not guaranteed, encapsulate it in epoxy. Mahogany lumber, even if expensive, is the proper type. For modern designs, you don't need much of it. For short pieces, look for it with an open mind. Thrift store table tops?

In regard to tools, accept that you will enjoy your project more, and produce a better result, if you have some decent tools. Jim Michalak says that his table saw is a home-made rig consisting of an ordinary circular saw bolted underneath a piece of plywood. He describes it as "not too safe" and says it struggles to cut 1-1/2" stock. In other words, it is highly marginal for ripping a 2x4. With all due respect to Jim, whose designs I really like, I can't understand this. In my area, and I think most everywhere in the U.S., old Craftsman or similar 10" table saws, which are cast iron, belt drive, and usually 3/4hp, are available used for around \$100, sometimes less. This is a big, powerful, precision tool which is a pleasure to use, and will enable you to rip out usable sizes from lumber which would otherwise be useless to you. These are available, not just once in a while, but commonly. Visit the garage sales or want ads and get one.

I would suggest this list of tools for a reasonably well equipped amateur boat shop:

Table saw as described.

Good quality circular saw, 5" blade is most handy.

Large, powerful jigsaw such as Bosch or Dewalt.

Belt sander, Skil makes a compact one using a 3x18 belt. Cost about \$50.

Vibrating sander, the bigger the better. If possible, try to find a straight line type. The oscillating variety, which are far more common, tend to leave little circular scratches in

your work.

3/8" drill; Dewalt makes a great one for about \$60.

Of course, you will want the usual assortment of hammers, screwdrivers, drill bits, putty knives, rasps, hand saws, punches, sandpaper blocks, drill accessories, etc. There are also some unusual tools I find indispensable; for example, a little device, whose name I don't know, which takes and transfers bevels. A Dremel moto-tool with wood rasp bits is also very useful. You don't need to go out and buy all this at once, but when you acquire a good tool, you will be gratified at how satisfactory it is. You don't have to buy new, but be prepared for some disappointments from garage sale tools.

For example, I bought a great looking little 5" circular saw for \$5. It runs great until it warms up, then it quits. New it costs \$125. When you buy that old Craftsman table saw inspect it very carefully, although most I have seen are okay.

In closing, I would say this: Don't think of yourself as a lucky klutz who has happened upon a miracle system which produces boats at little cost or effort. Rather, think of yourself as a boat builder. As a boat builder, you work to the highest standard you can attain. You use quality materials, modern or traditional methods as you choose, and have the advantage of fine tools. You are patient, persistent, and demand the best of yourself. From each session in the shop you gain skill. You build for the sake of building as well as for pride of ownership.

In case you conclude that my boats are perfect works of art, I assure you that is not the case. I try to build them as good as I can, but they come out with plenty of mistakes and imperfections anyway. I shudder to think what they would be like if I tried to hurry through them for a quick and dirty result. I hope this has been of some minor interest to the boat building clan. I would be interested to hear other viewpoints.

Lawrence J. Harris, 2722 Colby Ave. Ste. 419, Everett, WA 98201, (425) 258-4033

My Wooden Boat!...On-Line
Forum...Calendar of events...
School Courses...Books...
Boat Plans...and more!



www.woodenboat.com

KayakCraft by Ted Moores



Take a great 17' sea kayak design, add Ted's skill and craftsmanship, and you have a book to guide you through a great experience. 176 pages, \$19.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447
or visit our site and click the link
for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616

www.woodenboat.com

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <chqs@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org>
Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.
Chris Craft Antique Boat Club, Inc., d/b/a Antique Boat Club, 217 S. Adams St., Tallahassee, FL 32301-1708, (850) 224-2628, www.chris-craft.org, <wwright@netally.com>
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Soc., 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.
The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>
Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.
Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 903-4284, www.chesapeakeboatsbayou.cktl.com.
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.
Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.
NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768.
Washington Cty. Technical College, RRI Box 22C, River Rd., Calais, ME 04619, (207) 454-1000.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2002

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

In 2002, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Baylitt, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

Galveston & Trinity Bay Marine Museum, P.O. Box 641, Bacliff, TX 77518, (281) 559-1092, www.scowschooner.org.
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.
Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd., Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.
Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.
Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum, Gary Kissal, Curator, 5 Bessom St. #101, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-2567, <jmorgan@marblehead.com>
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.
Osterville Hist. Soc. & Mus., 155 W. Bay Rd., PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.
Peabody Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.
Penobscot Marine Museum, 5 Church St., Searsport, ME 04974, (207) 548-2529.
Plymouth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St. Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.

Model Guild of the Ventura Cty Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035 (805) 984-6260.
 North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
 Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
 U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
 U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.
 American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
 Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
 Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
 Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
 New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Nancy Rodgers, 20 Brookline Rd., Scarsdale, NY 10583, (914) 472-8274, <saltworkss@aol.com>
 San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
 Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.
 The Catboat Association, Inc., c/o David E. Hall, 115 Elm St., S. Dartmouth, MA 02748-3801, (508) 991-5491, <Quickshole@aol.com>
 West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
 Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
 Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
 Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
 Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
 Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.
 New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
 Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, PO Box 226, Blue Mt. Lake, NY 12812 <wcha@wcha.org, www.wcha.org>

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
 Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
 Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>
 Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
 Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
 Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
 New Charleston Mosquito Fleet, c/o Rob Dunlap, 2121 Woodland Shores Rd., Charleston, SC 29412. (843) 762-9247.
 Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
 Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986
 Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.
 United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
 Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
 "Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>
 West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
 New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
 New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
 Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
 Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
 Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.
 Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
 Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.tscanet.net/puget/>.
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355, www.tscanet.net.
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
 Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
 TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
 Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsme@aol.com>
 Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
 World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
 North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
 Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
 Small Wooden Boat Assoc. of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
 Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
 Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Blackburn Challenge 2002

The 16th Annual Blackburn Challenge, a 20 mile open ocean rowing/paddling race around Cape Ann on the Massachusetts North Shore will take place on July 20 at Gloucester, Massachusetts. It's a bit late to announce this but the entry deadline is July 6 for any readers interested in taking part who did not receive the mailing packet sent to all prior participants. To expedite last minute entry, or for general information, contact us immediately:

Tom Lawler (978) 281-2642, Tom Mailhot, (978) 852-0845, Al Peirce, (978) 266-1020 or email <Peirce@aics.net>

Adventures & Experiences...

I Remember the Winyah

My first trip to Isle Royale on that lovely-ugly old steamship was in 1931, when I was 6 years of age. This craft was my family's transportation of choice through the '30s and on into the '40s. My last trip on her was in the fall of 1943, when I left Rock Harbor Lodge for Duluth and thence to Minneapolis, where I was inducted into the U.S. Navy, bound for officer's training school.

I remember that first trip with my mother and her brood, four young boys; myself and my three younger brothers, Mike, David, and Jerry, ages about 5, 4, and 3, respectively. Because of the fact that the iron pipe railing around the upper deck had a big gap between the deck and the first rail, Mother had us all on leashes, like four poodles. Whenever we were out on the upper deck, this was the way we sauntered about, a small, yapping crowd.

We would leave Duluth at 9am and travel up the north shore. The only stop I remember making was in Grand Marais, about supper time. We would then leave for Washington Harbor in the gathering dusk, travelling all night long to reach Rock Harbor Lodge the next morning. About a 24 hour trip!

Most of the trips were quite pleasant, but once in a while we would be in stormy conditions, usually pitching into the teeth of a nor'easter. Sometimes it would be severe enough to cause the propeller to leave the water, and then she would shake and shiver like an old dog coming out of the bath. I don't ever remember getting sea-sick, but I remember getting close to it, and refusing to go down to the galley in the stern for something to eat.

There were always seagulls following the ship, because the cook would throw out uneaten pancakes and stuff for them. One such gull always commandeered the rear flagpole to perch on, which was usually right in the path of the sooty black smoke from the funnel. This gave him an advantage over the other birds; he could rest more than they could, and be closer to the pancakes when they were thrown out into the water. However, by the time we reached Rock Harbor, he would be black as the ace of spades, and looked like a crow.

Captain Christiansen and Ole Berg would take the watches at the wheel, alternating on

some schedule. Ole was an inveterate tobacco chewer, and had a butter-duck spitoon on the floor of the wheel house that he would hit pretty accurately from atop his high stool by the wheel. He usually had the spitoon sitting on newspapers, and sometimes they were the funnies. When they were the funnies, I couldn't resist getting down on all fours to read them, and dodging the tobacco juice as best I could. Once in a while I would "get caught".

We would be put up in two of the tiny staterooms that were right forward of the funnel, and the whistle. During the night, when the ship was approaching a stop at a fishermen's harbor, the whistle would blast, raising us about two feet in the air from our slumber. This was especially traumatic in a fog, when the captain was echo-sounding with the whistle; he would blow it, and time the echo to establish how far he was from the shore. This was part of his dead-reckoning. To my knowledge, it never failed him.

The high point in my trips, as a young boy, was usually the opportunity to go down into the engine room and watch that lovely old steam engine turning over, and watching the guys stoke the boiler. What adventure!

Wes Farmer, Wyzata, MN

We're Sailing Butcher Boy

Here at the San Diego Maritime Museum we have launched *Pilot* and are now sailing *Butcher Boy*, our 100 year old gaff sloop. Here is a photo of her first time in the water in 30 years, such a beauty!

Joe "Row" Ditzler, San Diego, CA



Information of Interest...

Report from South Texas

Texas kayakers will soon have easier access to local water trails after the completion of the Lighthouse Lakes Kayak Trail Park. The \$58,000 project is a joint venture between the City of Aransas Pass, the Coastal Bend Bays and Estuaries Program and the Port of Corpus Christi. It will include parking, a picnic area and educational signs. Also GPS markers so those with GPS receivers can know where they are and can find their way back to their starting point. The trails wind through the waterways behind the old lighthouse near Port Aransas.

"People are coming to the coast just to kayak," said Ray Allen, executive director of the Coastal Bend Bays and Estuaries Program. "It's really growing in popularity locally also." Jerry Warnick, a kayak dealer in Aransas Pass, started selling kayaks three years ago, says his sales have doubled every year.

PWCs are now banned from all State Parks, including those with ocean (Gulf) frontage. HOORAY!!

John Benton, Corpus Christi, TX

Opinions...

No More Tire Kicking for Me

I read with interest your article describing the 2002 Maine Boatbuilders Show. I have wondered if any of the boating mags would publish my opinions about the Maine Show. Although I have gone to, and enjoyed, the Maine show for more years than I can count on one hand I will not go back.

I am the son of a boat builder and a would-be builder myself. Although I can repair any boat afloat and am frustrated by the lack of time I have to devote to my first love, I have not yet built a complete boat from scratch, although I have had a dinghy half cut out sitting in my cellar for two years. The time, the time.

The latest trends in design and product development in both wooden and fiberglass construction are very interesting to me. And although I believe glass boats have a place in this world I have enjoyed the emphasis on wood boats at the Maine show.

A newsletter (2002 Maine Boatbuilders' Show Newsletter Friday) from the show organizer/owner circulated to the exhibitors at the show stated that they must "work together to improve the quality of the attendees and make sure that the people coming through the doors are not just tire kickers". Although my wife who accompanies me to the show most years showed the most interest in a boat she ever has, I have not bought a boat at the show so I guess I must be a "tire kicker".*

The show organizer goes on in his letter to complain about people without exhibitors' tags walking around inside the buildings before the show opened. I would suggest that next year a seven dollar an hour security guard be placed at the side door where all these people were walking right in without benefit of a paid admission. Only us honest fools paid admission. The first rule of cost control is to make sure every customer pays his or her fee.

And what an admission fee it was. Fifteen American Dollars. The admission price at the boat show at the Civic Center in downtown Portland was half that. I was informed the organizer had to increase his fee to cover increased insurance costs, but I am sure the downtown show has insurance costs also. The Boston Boat Show did not cost fifteen dollars to enter.

The show organizer could probably lower his insurance expense if he controlled the crowd. My wife and I left after a frustrating hour or so because the hall was so over packed with people that we could not move comfortably, or more importantly, safely. We had conversations with several exhibitors about the severe overcrowding. At one point we did not feel we were walking but just flowing with the crowd in order to avoid being trampled, fifteen dollars to be jostled and squeezed in a building others walked into for free.

And this unpleasant experience occurred after a stand outside in the bitter (as pointed out in the MAIB article) cold. Elderly folks stood outside while the show organizers dawdled. Perhaps if the customers were allowed in earlier, the crowds may have been

more manageable. This once enjoyable event seems to be being managed in an attendee-unfriendly manner.

I do know that I will not be back and that means one less weekend I spend my tourist dollars in Maine. There are many places where I can go and "kick tires" and be welcomed.

Mark McDonough, Lynnfield, MA

***Editor Comments:** The exact quote is: "I would appreciate it if we could talk among ourselves about how we can work together to continue to improve the quality of the attendees and try to make sure that the people who are coming through the doors are looking for what we offer and are not just tire kickers. The premise is that while I appreciate a lot of people through the gate to help pay the bills, I really want them to be the ones that are here to do business with you."

Try It, You Might Like It

I always read your comments and have not missed your commentary about rowing. Let me suggest that with a rear view mirror you can see ahead, I use a bike mirror on my glasses, one I make that is 3" wide so I see a lot besides what is in front. But I write to point out to you how much you have lost, there is still time, by not rowing a sliding seat scull or shell,

It took me months to learn to row my Pockock racing scull without going swimming, but nothing I have done, including motorcycling and soaring has really beat rowing a sliding seat shell. It took me six hours to solo an airplane, five hours to go solo on unicycle, and I have told you how long it took to row the scull. I mean row, not just go out there and make a nut of myself. Try it, you might like it.

I like to attend the Head of the Connecticut in October. 500 shells from singles, pairs (two sweeps), pairs with coxswain, doubles with four oars, fours with 8 oars, fours with coxswain, eights, rowers, male and female aging from 15 through eighty plus, it's a colorful blast. A million dollars worth of boats out there and the *Hartford Courant*, claiming to be the oldest newspaper in the country, doesn't even mention it.

They go out in Middletown where Wesleyan college base their boathouse. Colorful and fun. You should go take a look. Cheers.

Steve DuPont, Osprey, FL.

Editor Comments: Too late, Steve, I've now grown set in my ways. Those old scullers you see out there have been doing it all their lives.

Displacement vs. Planing Hulls

I assume many people buy boats to enjoy a little peace and quiet. and to get away from the noisy crowded city, and for such people the underwater shape of the hull is a paramount consideration. My ex-fishing boat, a troller, has a deep round bottom with no sharp edges called chines. It is a displacement hull and the water flows in a smooth laminar way around it.

Most modern cruisers today have planing hulls, designed to skim across the top of the water. Their hulls are hard chine with distinct sharp edges where the side meets the bottom. The flow around their hulls is not laminar but chaotic and splashy. There is no good way to describe it mathematically, in contrast to laminar flow which can be represented by

solvable equations. The planing hulls are fast but they pay for their speed in some interesting but disappointing ways, primary among which are the noise, jerky ride and commotion they make, in comparison to a displacement hull which rides smoothly and quietly. I can, for example, enjoy a nap on my ship while in motion unless we're heading into rough seas, whereas such is almost impossible on a planing hull which goes bang, bang, bang and continually jars everything on board, as it skims over the waves.

Yesterday I turned off everything and enjoyed a siesta in the middle of Seattle's Lake Washington. It was a Sunday so there was lots of traffic making waves on the lake. The boat's action was comfortable, bouncing a bit but rolling hardly at all, as you would expect from a well ballasted floating platform with hydraulic shock absorbers. But the slap slap of the many planing hulls going by was too loud to

allow much sleep. It seems a metaphor of the modern world; fast but noisy and jerky and less comfortable than the old. That's another plus of the displacement hull; when at anchor it doesn't make slapping noises in the waves and allows a delicious sleep as it gently rocks.

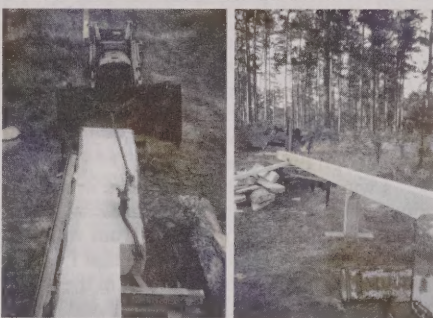
The skipper of a laminar-flow boat enjoys the graceful gentle ride; the skipper of the planing hull enjoys getting there fast. The older design seems to swim through the water whereas the modern design crashes over the top. The planer is shallower draft, so is better for exploring shallow harbors. The displacement is a bit less expensive of fuel consumption. There are many aspects to compare. But for peace and quiet and a graceful ride, which is why many of us go out on boats, I recommend the one with the good old fashioned displacement hull.

Jeff Douthwaite, Seattle WA

Projects...

Some More Woodmizer Pictures

Here's how we cut extra long on a standard 20' Woodmizer sawmill. That's a 45' log! Robb White, Thomasville, GA.



Good Taste in Boats

I believe that this little picture shows that our family has good taste in boats. It shows an Arch Davis Penobscot 14, built by Robert Brett, and a Glen-L Alpha II, built by the writer, on a beach on the Massachusetts North Shore.

Oliver Brett, Beverly, MA



This Magazine...

Enjoys Reprints

In all my years of reading *MAIB*, I have never stopped being amazed at the innovation and imagination you've shown in bringing to this magazine more interesting and new things for your readers' attention.

Norm Benedict is a boat man of the same mindset as myself. He likes them all! He also has a soft spot in his heart for houseboats. In the Feb. 15th issue Norm writes of a George Buehler design called Rufus. At any given moment, I could begin to build this sailing houseboat, at least until I run across another design that catches my eye. Yet I do drift back to Rufus, from time to time.

At the end of Norm's letter, you comment that you are considering reprinting *The Houseboat Book* in serialized form. Do it, please! I looked forward to the old books you serialized before and enjoyed them immensely.

Keep on doing what you are doing. *Messing About* is getting better and better, and I am still amazed that I'm surprised when each issue is better than the last. Thanks for the best boating magazine on any coast!

Rags Ragsdale, Florence, OR

Editor Comments: I'm still contemplating reprinting that book, also a couple of others. Lack of space is the holdup, so much good stuff is coming in from readers that has priority over old time reprints.

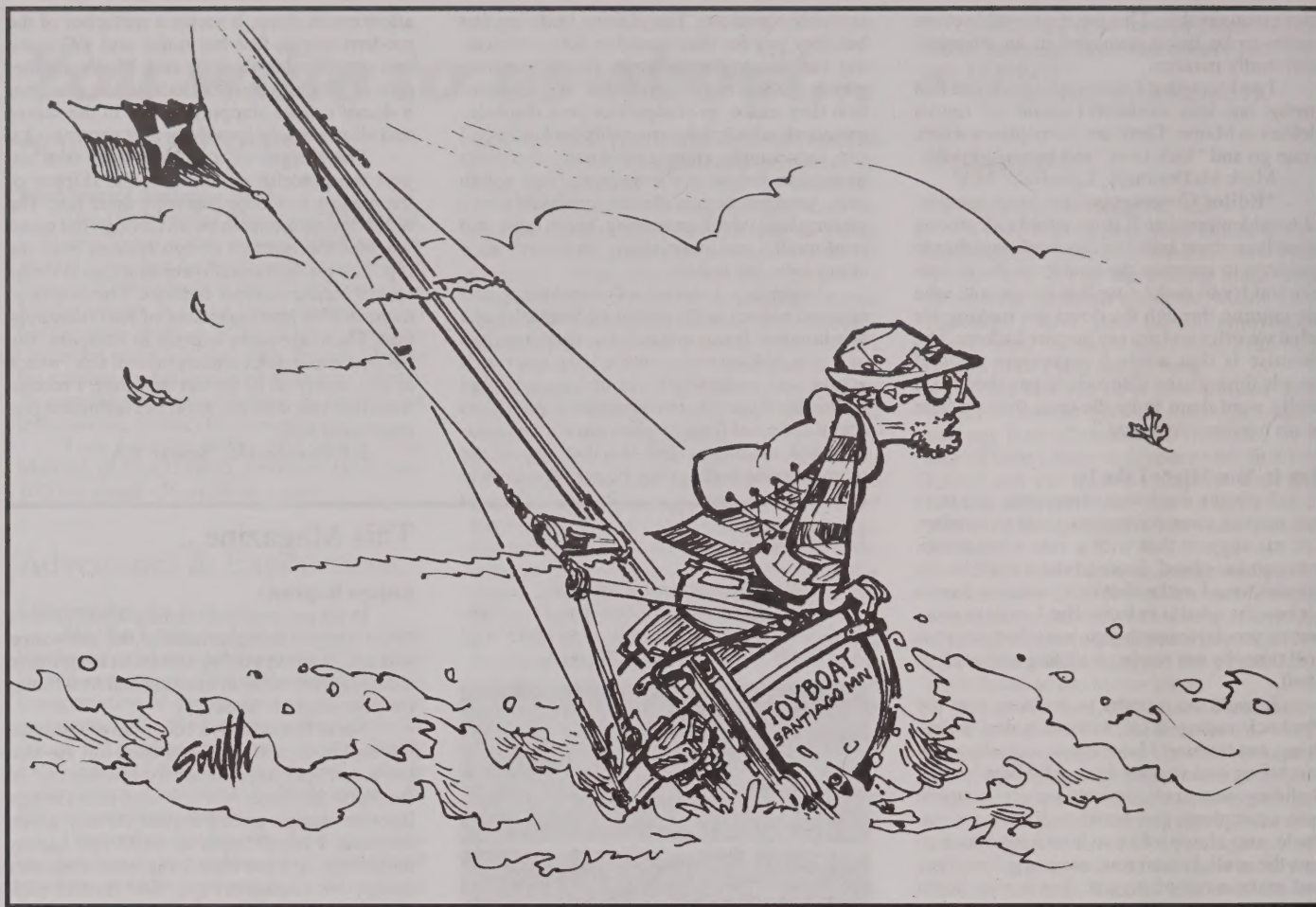
Thanks from Alex

Great issue on the boat show. I've been getting a lot of congratulations on your coverage of my display from persons I would never have suspected read *MAIB*. Your readership is impressive.

I wish I'd had a chance to chat and let you know that most of that "superb craftsmanship" you credited to me was a demonstration of the amazing skills of Don Conry, craftsman extraordinaire in all facets of woodworking, metalworking, electronics and over riding good taste.

Everyone I have spoken to agrees with your take on the general trend of the show and our marketplace, the rule of the behemoths! Our next project is a 13' Melonseed to bring things back into perspective.

Alex Hadden, Hadden Boat Company, 11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548.



I had this idea that I would set down my impressions of today while they were fresh in my mind. Unfortunately, after feeding the dogs, washing the boat and getting everything back in its place I'm flat tired. I was determined to get *Toyboat's* bottom wet one more time before the Minnesota lakes turned to ten thousand sheets of glass. Last night's weather forecast for today said temperature in the mid-seventies, clear skies and winds ten to twenty mph. Hot Brot! (Bratwurst: Minnesota Frankfurters) Let the budget be durned! I was going to play hooky from my little business even if it torquejawed every customer in the county. Well, I'll get as far as I can to record the last sail of the season.

This morning I took a leisurely bath and did a load of clothes, no desperate race through the morning mist to the typical calm air of Dawn, who usually folds her roseate fingers and twiddles her thumbs until early afternoon. Dressing, I chose my old blue canvas deck shoes, faded and fashionably frizzed; sweat socks to protect my bone-white shins from the sun. Next, my loose workpants with the unhemmed fringes for cuffs. Then, the rugby shirt my boys gave me for Christmas, white and aqua in three inch stripes. Long sleeves and good collar for that old sun and the wet bite of the wind. In the ditty bag, extra pair of deck shoes and two pair of socks for the requisite wading I endure whenever I retrieve the boat back to the embrace of her trailer. An additional sweat shirt, a windbreaker and a thermos of strong steaming black coffee.

I arrived at the lake at about 1:30pm and saw only one lonely car and trailer parked on

Last Sail Of The Season

By Gordon South

the far side of the parking lot. I swung around stern to lake a polite distance from being in the way to the ramp and started the ritual of preparing the boat. The lake, from what I could see under the trees was that steel-gray and olive drab color that means brisk winds. But in the trees the breeze was pleasant and urged me to get on the water.

I was thorough and deliberate in my untying and the stowing of my gear, savoring the slow building of my craft from roller to sailor. With poor logic I decided that I would not bend on the sails until far out in the water but would launch with bare poles and motor out on the empty lake. I could then (I reasoned) drift happily all over the place as I leisurely set out the laundry. I surprised myself pleasantly by backing the boat to the portable dock in one pass and slipping her tidily next to the vertical pole that acts as cleat, bit and support for the dock. I made certain that the fenders were in place between the boat and dock and tied the bow and stern lines loosely to the pole. Returning to the van I gently backed until the boat danced free of the trailer and I could drive next to the other car and trailer to park and return to the boat.

With some struggle against the wind I untied the lines, led them around the pole and returned them to the cockpit where I cleated them and proceeded to start the little outboard.

I don't drop the rudder until I am sure I am in deep water, relying on steering from the motor tiller. The cold motor buzzed to life in her usual four pulls, and as I have no reverse, I rotated it quickly 180 degrees to back away from the dock. I cast off the lines and retrieved them. Away from the shelter of the trees, I was hit with a savage blow that heeled the boat to an alarming angle. By now the motor was warm enough to cut the choke and I turned up the throttle enough to make way toward the middle of the lake

After snarling my way through an unending parade of rolling waves and spray I dropped the rudder and turned into the wind. At least I tried. The rollers and the unrelenting wind pushed her bow off the wind time after time. I compromised by letting the boat gripe almost perpendicular to the wind and even though she lurched about like a peach orchard boar she bobbed at an acceptable angle. Somewhat reassured, I again put her bow to the wind, tethered the tiller, gave the throttle another notch and nipped below for the sail bags. One would think that by now, to a reasonably prudent man, a warning flag would pop up. Not on this sailor's watch.

I grabbed the lapper jib and mainsail bags and, God love it, the coffee thermos and darted back to the cockpit. I eyed the grim gray waves spumed with icy looking whitecaps and decided I would button up the companionway hatch after I freed the sails. First things first. I wrestled the mainsail out of its stingy bag, struggled to insert the resistant battens and popped the sail bag below. I would work a little bit, lunge for the tiller, crowd the bow back

into the wind and resume my chore. I then thought that by hanking on the jib first, I could bundle it to the bow pulpit and fight the main with the jib ready to hoist. I stuffed the mainsail through the companionway and pulled the jib from its bag. I made another adjustment to the tiller and mentally commanded the Evinrude to keep running.

I stuffed the jib sail and forty feet of jib sheet under my arm and made my way forward onto the pitching, rolling deck. One for the boat, one for me, I reminded my hands as I tried to squat against the pulpit and wedge myself down against the forestay. The jib was between my legs but the jib sheet thrashed its way to the lee of the bow and snapped and whipped my leg as I attached the gritty hanks to the stay. I was grateful that I had tied the jib sheet to the clew instead of using a shackle, I would have been flogged to death! Every so often I would look out at the long streaks of foam galloping furiously from the incessant wind and recall the cartoon caption, "Are we having fun yet?"

I finally snapped the halyard shackle to the jib head and retrieved the lashing sheet. My next assignment was to separate the two part sheet to its proper places outside the shrouds and then to fairleads and cam cleats, port and starboard. With the pitching and pounding of the boat and the fierce wind I decided to set the windward side first and let the leeward sheet just fly. (Still, no warning flag glowed in my head.) I duck-walked aft feeding the sheet outside the shroud and past obstacles as I worked my way back to the cockpit. I returned her bow into the wind once more and attempted to thread the bitter end through the fairlead. It was like trying to thread a needle on horseback. I finally stabbed it home and quickly tied a figure-eight stopper knot in the end.

Back to the bow and the same exercise to port. But this time the gale was determined to blow me into the water. The pitching and heeling and the quoted "20mph wind" made the job take forever. Finally, back in the cockpit, I thought I was lucky to thread it through the fairlead in the first try and absently tied an overhand knot in the end of the sheet. The sheet raged in the grip of the wind and unnoticed to me, snarled itself into the largest cats-cradle knot you've ever seen. The stalwart outboard growled on, my only link with control, and I tried to estimate the amount of gas/oil it was consuming. Nothing could be done about that, I had to bend on the mainsail. I hauled out the mound of dacron, being careful not to snag the battens on the side of the hatch. I glanced into the cabin to see if I needed anything else and satisfied, I inserted the companionway hatch boards and slid closed the hatch.

The drill with the mainsail is to insert the foot of the sail into its slot on the boom and then the head of the sail into its slot in the mast. To hedge my bet I attached the main halyard shackle to the mainsail headboard and started it into the slot. This meant I had to be very careful not to twist the sail by losing track of which side was which in ninety square feet of thundering, wind driven sail. I kept that straight but unfortunately, with the boat always falling off the wind, as I drew the foot farther out on the boom, I was forced to ease the mainsheet to keep from going on an impossible angle of heel. This put the clew farther and farther out over the water. My outhaul line

wasn't long enough to thread back along the nine foot boom and when it was within reach, it was dragging me over the cold churning water.

As I attempted to tame the luffing, rattling sail I was shocked to hear the motor stop-cold. Dashing to the stern, I satisfied myself that no lines had drifted into the prop and I could feel gas when I stuck my finger into the opened tank. I screwed the cap back on and knew I couldn't fool with the motor any longer. I was loose and drifting sideways rapidly. I considered getting below and grabbing the anchor and the miserly seventy or so feet I had remaining after I ruined the rest of a 150' coil by pulling down a threatening dead tree with the van. With the lake's depth around twenty feet, the scope would be barely three to one. Still no red flags popped up in my mind.

Instead, I say, "Well, it's a sailboat, isn't it?" So up goes the main. No outhaul. No downhaul, the topping lift straining a belly into the sail like a burlap bag. I secure the halyard, hastily thread the downhaul and harden it to the tape marker and dive for the tiller. It's loose as a goose, but I have some control and can relax a second to mentally sort things out. I think longingly of the thermos stashed in the lazarette. Back to business at hand. With the sail so inefficiently set I can't come about, just sit in irons until the malevolent wind demands its way back to the old tack.

I can sail forward (with much leeway) and have acres of water between me and the nearest shore. I reason that with the jib raised I could heave-to and, with the main blanketed, I could tend to the outhaul and topping lift, therefore properly setting the mainsail. However I was still on the original starboard tack and the jib halyard is on the port side. I couldn't come about so had to continue on that tack. That meant I would be on the lee side of the boat with the mainsail in the way and every inch I leaned to leeward would increase the angle of heel. Additionally, I couldn't cleat off the sheet way aft in the cockpit until the jib was raised so it would luff and maul like a whirling dervish. I did it anyway. Wow! Murphy was an optimist!

The raised jib went insane, possessed, suicidal, homicidal. It whipped, thrashed, lashed and flogged itself in a frenzy of motion. Remember that overhand knot I absently tied instead of a proper stopper knot? It was yanked through the fairlead in a New York second and cracked and whipped away out over the water almost twenty feet away. And two feet from the end? That rat's nest of a snarl I previously described as a "cats cradle". I was now worse off than before. The flogging jibsail was adding to the lee helm. I had to get into the wind, come about somehow and retrieve that flailing sheet, take out the wet compressed, overhand knot and then figure out the Gordian Knot between me and a set sail. (I could not afford the luxury of Alexander the Great's choice in solving the knot's riddle by chopping it in two!) It should be clear to the most casual of observers that if nothing more, this labored writing is a good example of what not to do, alone, in a small sailboat.

I brought the bow into the wind and let it stall. I tethered the tiller 'aloe and hoped she would not come about. Then I dashed to the cabin trunk and with one hand to the port shroud I groped for the flogging sheet and finally snagged it. As quick as I could I passed it outside the shroud and sat on the weather

side of the cockpit and tried to loosen the overhand knot. It was wet and tight as a shirt in a zipper. I took my Swiss Army Knife's awl and finally worked it loose. The sheet, trying to free itself from my restraining hands, rattled my teeth in its effort to join the wind over the side. Finally I wrapped it around my foot a few times and pressed it against the seat on the other side of the cockpit.

I gritted my teeth and studied the snarled line, pulling here and there. Slowly I slipped a loop out of the mess and got more slack. I had to adjust the tiller periodically to stay on my stall. Eventually my patience paid off and the line no longer looked like spaghetti. Now, all I had to do was edge to the leeward and reinsert the sheet into the fairlead, tie a proper figure eight knot and pull it home secure in the camcleat. The wind was sending scud and foam roiling off the white caps. Parallel streaks of spray hundreds of feet long fingered their progress past my frail *Toyboat*. I paused, the line in my hand. Well, I would be my own fairlead. I gathered the slack in my hand and using the shroud as a fulcrum I hauled on the sheet until the jib popped into its intended shape and-WOW-pulled like a Cossack's pony. I held on grimly and freed the tiller. I got up to speed and then, hard alee, jerked that hardmouthed jug about and on the port tack at last, tended to the sheet.

Now finally I could tend to the mainsail which still was fat and blowzy. I came about and kept the (now) weather jibsheet cleated and as she came on the other tack I reversed the tiller and lashed it to the weather rail. This "heaving to" is a gratefully easy maneuver for the docile *Toyboat*. In this state she will bob like a duck, slowly drifting downwind, heading up and easing off in a stately fashion. Just the thing for adjusting the main or... pausing for a very well earned cup of coffee!

Retrieving my thermos from the lazarette, I poured myself a scalding cup of coffee and screwed the cap back on tight. I scrunched down into the flotation cushion I use as a back rest and let my brain idle in neutral. The wind didn't seem so furious when drifting gently with it. Apart from an occasional dousing of spray it was a restful contrast to the previous hour. I sipped my coffee gratefully and declared a no man's land of thought for the length of time it would take me to empty the cup. I turned my head toward the outboard and in spite of my declaration I whooped into action.

Apparently, during all the dust and feathers I was raising with the sails the spark-plug wire connection was knocked off the plug and killed the motor. Boy, talk about luck. I squinted into the female lead and saw that the metal connection was still in shape. I screwed the funny little threaded "doughnut" they always provide with plugs down tight and pressed the two together. Then to make sure I opened the fuel cock and twisted the throttle setting to "Start." One yank brought the little sweetheart back to life! After the coffee was warming my cockles I addressed the problem of the mainsail. I adjusted the topping lift and the outhaul and adjusted the downhaul. I arranged the sheets in the cockpit and returned the thermos to the lazarette. Then, I was finally ready to do what I had set out to the night before, sail!

I crashed through the waves on a close reach. I came about and scuttled ahead of the wind on the other tack on a broad reach. I see-sawed up and down the lake. I watched

my SR(R) Inclinometer roll 10, 20, 30 degrees as my confidence grew. I watched the waves for changes. I experimented with sail sets, easing and hardening their sheets with careful study. I suppose the little sloop should have been reefed a roll or two but I reveled in the churning and splashing. Some times the wind would catch me unawares and, whoops, that blunt bowed little sloop would heel to 35+degrees as she compensated with that strong weather helm and looked the wind straight in the eye! But she never swallowed a drop over her rail when the dial rolled to that alarming (to me) degree. The only water was from the spray and back-up water through her "self-draining" cockpit when I would hooch too far aft. (What's all this talk about flags raising in your head, anyway?)

I was surprised at the amount of leeway the boat gave up to the strong wind. I would point to a convenient landmark and check the compass only to find a few minutes later the compass slowly rolling off course. I always went downwind on a broad reach. The wind was just too treacherous to trust running. I remember in Texas when sailing in Galveston Bay that running in say, winds of ten knots or so, that the motion of the boat was like a cradle and would almost put me to sleep. But any more wind and she would start the most unpleasant rolling that would seem to increase and become almost impossible to stop.

Finally I noticed that the time had flown and it was almost six o'clock. I dutifully headed downwind toward the distant dock, small and far away. It had been a solitary day and I felt lucky to have experienced it. I noticed the wind was losing its fury and was just brisk, stirring the turning autumn leaves and waving the clumps of trees less harshly. A distant flag crackled from its pole in someone's yard, soon to be bare and surrounded with ice

and snow.

I prepared my approach. I dropped the main and dumped it in the cabin, running on the jib alone. Finally, I doused the jib, nestling it into the bow pulpit and tying it with the now docile jibsheet. A little before coming abeam of the dock I started the outboard and swung 90 degrees to motor the remaining one or two hundred yards to the dock. As I approached, there rolled into the access yard a parade of cars towing bass boats. I then remembered that it was a week day and they were there for a few hours of fishing after work. I was startled out of my reverie and brought sharply back to Minnesota in the '90s.

It was still brisk and I had to allow for windage. Seeing the ramp temporarily free, I got within distance, flipped out the fenders, cut the motor and drifted to the lee side of the dock, stepping off with bow and stern lines in hand. I tied them off to the solitary pole and unzipped the life jacket ("Personnel Flotation Device" in our new wordy word world.) that had been rasping my neck. It was tender where I had shaved my beard to a Van Dyke after ten years of not even owning a razor. I gingerly touched my neck and was reminded ruefully why I had stopped shaving in the first place.

As I strolled to the van I was loose with fatigue. I watched the fishermen, grimly efficient, loading equipment into their boats and soberly keeping to themselves. If they happened to glance up at you they would look with a flat unblinking stare that always reminded me of cattle regarding a stranger and considering the "Fight or Flight" response. It seemed to be an acquired Minnesota trait that disappeared with a pleasant wave when both parties were in the water, but I have never understood it and it still unnerves me. I numbly backed the trailer up with as much skill as I could muster but with an audience I needed

two or three shots at it. The bassboaters zipped down the weatherside in disgust and snapped their boats into the water with brisk sullenness. Their wives would tend the bow lines while the aluminum rubrails thumped up and down against the dock. In the interval they whipped their cars into the parking area, the wet trailers dribbling arcs behind them.

With no one to tend my lines the boat and trailer refused to line up. After I attached the winch line to the bow I had to eased the lines with the stern blowing away from the dock. As I said earlier, the wet way is the only way. I waded to my upper thighs into the chill water and tried to swing the boat into alignment. I could not reach the line and had a dilemma. I finally winched the bow forward in an attempt to pull the keel into the slot between the padded guides on the trailer. The wind was too much and I heard a crunch as the carpet covered two by four guide was twisted off at the mounting. I was so tired that I was puzzled about how to solve the problem. I scrambled onto the dock and adjusted the lines but I knew it would do no good as soon as I tried to back the trailer under the boat. Meanwhile the bassboats continued to roar off as soon as they were launched. I sloshed back into the water with the lines looped around the pole and tried to keep them taut while winching the boat forward. Any easing of the stern line immediately resulted in the swinging out of the boat's stern. I struggled to no avail. Now the flag went up in my head. I felt helpless and foolish. And exhausted. And didn't know what to do.

"Need some help?" A man about thirty-five approached the dock, a forbidden Toyota pick-up in the midst of all the Fords and Chevies in the background, its door open, trailered boat behind.

"Boy, neighbor, I sure do. Would you hold the stern line while I winch her up?" Less than a minute later my dripping boat and trailer were on land and out of the way. I returned to the dock and thanked him for his help and asked if I could do anything for him in return.

"Aw, naw thanks, me an' the wife got it down to a science, don'tcha know. How's the wind out there, t'day?"

"Not bad," I smiled while shaking his work hardened hand, "Not bad at all."

A little postscript to my tale. The keel guide wasn't the only casualty. I neglected to disconnect the trailer lights from the van before launching and burned out all the bulbs. The "solitary pole" I kept referring to was the vertical support over the axle of the two wheels on which the dock is rolled in and out of the water in the spring and the end of the season. My left light complete with license plate now face an almost 90 degree angle, staring to heaven, after meeting that submerged wheel. The sixty mile drive to and from Green Lake cost me seven dollars for gas and I spent \$4.20 for Mexican food in a sort of "Senior McDonald's" eatery. After arriving home I unhitched the trailer and to my surprise, the plate under the ball-socket fell in two pieces onto the ground, rendering the ball hitch useless. I was wondering where I would store the boat this winter, now I know.

I guess the moral to this hastily written "Shame on me" story, is that you had better look out for flags going off in your head. If you see them you had better heed them. Sailors, like pilots, get to be old only by being careful. Luck is good only so long.

SIMMONS SEA-SKIFF EXPO 2002

September 6, 7, 8, 2002

South Harbor Village Marina, 5001 O'Quinn Blvd., Southport, NC

1-1/2 mi. W of Southport; 1/2 mi. E of Oal Island Bridge

Boating, fishing, speakers, music, pig pickin'

Registration: \$25 before July 31; \$35 before August 16

Includes use of docks and slips, two dinners, T-shirt, certificate

All original Simmons boats and replicas welcome, any condition

Display boat in water or on trailer

All proceeds to Cape Fear Museum, home of the Simmons Sea-Skiffs

Tommy Robbins, 910.253.4272 <shoresound@mindspring.com>

Alex Slaunwhite, 864.962.5259

By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com



Sometime during the great weather we call winter here in Florida, I became interested once again in playing my guitar. I played acoustic guitar on a semiprofessional basis back in the late '60s and early '70s but hadn't done more than look at its closed case for several years. Adoption of a new attitude of "just playing for myself and my own enjoyment", enabled me to open the case, and gently tune up my 31 year old rosewood and spruce six string. I soon became frustrated trying to remember the lyrics of songs I'd sung so long ago, and turned to the Internet to locate the lyrics. Before long, I'd located web sites dedicated to the preservation of old time music.

Several sites I spent quite a while visiting, were dedicated to the musical group known as Koerner, Ray, and Glover. I quickly sent off for three CDs that had been made from the old albums I had and loved 35 years ago. To my surprise, I received an email acknowledging my order from none other than Dave Ray, the Ray in Koerner, Ray, and Glover, in Minnesota.

By now I'm sure you are wondering what all this has to do with sailing, or messing about in boats. But hold on for a few more lines, and the connection will become clearer.

The CDs came a few days later and I played them over and over for weeks. Then one day towards the end of January, the January 15th issue of *Messing About* arrived in my mailbox. Now it didn't occur to me that day, or the day after that, or even the week after that, but on rereading the issue, my eyes fell on a photo of a tall slender man standing near the tiller of a home built sharpie. It was in the "Projects..." section on page 5. Then I read the letter that accompanied the photo. It was signed, John Koerner, Minneapolis, MN.

The realization that this very well could be THE Spider John Koerner, famed folk blues guitarist and folk singer slowly dawned on me. I went back to the web sites for any sign or story about him being interesting in sailing or small boats. The only thing I found was a web site link to a Folk School in Minnesota where they teach small boat building. I had to know. If this was indeed Spider John on the pages of *Messing About in Boats*, then we had more in common than just a love for the old music of America. I still had Dave Ray's email address, and also the email address of their Florida booking agent. I wrote to them both with my speculation.

In a day or so I had my confirmation. Yes, Dave wrote.. Spider John LOVES sailing and

Sailing with a Legend

By Ron Hoddinott

building small boats. And YES! It was Spider John Koerner on the pages of *Messing About In Boats*. I wrote back right away and invited John to come sailing with the West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron when they visited Tampa on their way to Key West during their Florida tour in April. Dave wrote back and told me that John was excited about sailing with us, and couldn't wait to get to Florida to sail with us! I was so stoked I almost couldn't contain myself.

Finally April arrived. A few more emails to exchange cell phone numbers passed through the ether and we were set. I was standing in the boat shop at Marine Concepts when John called from Dave's car. They were on their way to Cocoa-Beach for a gig. We made the arrangements right then to meet at Skipper's SmokeHouse in Tampa where they were playing for one night.

At Skipper's, Dave Ray and John Koerner were enjoying crawfish and rice before the show, and after getting our group settled, I went over and introduced myself to them both. It felt like we knew each other after all the emails and phone conversations.

To say that they hadn't missed a beat in 35 years would be understating their musicianship. John and Dave are even more accomplished musicians than they were in the good old days. They played for over two hours, and the assembled crowd responded to their music. After the show, we met to discuss sailing on the following day. Steve Morrill, a Tampa resident and owner of *Black Pearl*, offered to pick John up where he was staying in Tampa, and bring him out to the Dunedin Causeway, where we would launch.

The following morning I stood on the Dunedin Causeway beach anxiously waiting for Steve and my musical idol to arrive. The weather was settled with a moderate southeast wind, forecast to clock around to the southwest by afternoon. Right on schedule, Steve pulled up with *Black Pearl* and John Koerner in tow. John transferred his gear to *Whisper*, and helped Steve set up his boat for launching.

Once afloat we headed out Hurricane Pass into the Gulf of Mexico. With a nice broad reach we headed north along the coast. As soon as we were clear of the pass, I handed the tiller

over to John, and sat up forward in the center cockpit taking pictures and making suggestions as to course and trim. Steve had taken the lead in *Black Pearl*, so all John had to do was follow in his wake. John had a great hand on the helm, holding a straight course and trimming the main and mizzen perfectly. We talked of sailing, and I asked him about some of his songs, and how his music has changed over the years (for a full biographical picture of Spider John, check out the web site reference at the end of this article). I mean, this guy KNEW Bob Dylan!

With a rolling swell leftover from the previous day's frontal passage, we sailed north towards a sandy patch of an island known as Three Rooker's Bar. The area just sprang up from a sand bar one year after a near miss by a hurricane, and has been growing in a north-south aspect ever since. Slipping into the passage between the north end of Honeymoon Island and Three Rooker's Bar was easy as the tide was near full flood. We saw a Clark Mills Sun Cat on the south shore and, thinking it was Oggie Helt's boat, we slipped in to see. It turned out to be another new friend we hadn't yet met, and we exchanged pleasantries and were soon on our way to the north end of Three Rooker's, where we usually rendezvous with other Squadron members.

Before long we spotted another Sea Pearl to the northeast. Tanbark sails identified it as James Soriano's *Catch 21*. Soon they were landing on the beach beside *Whisper* and *Black Pearl*. Nick Mediatore's Mud Hen, *Butterfly*, was spotted heading toward our gathering, and he and friend Jerry made up the rest of our group. Having built a sharpie after reading Reul Parker's, *The Sharpie Book*, John was quite interested in the little Mud Hen, studying its shape and features.

As we were enjoying a picnic lunch on the beach, the wind was picking up and switching around to the southwest, an afternoon sea breeze. Steve and I estimated the wind at 15 knots gusting to 18. We had a long sail back to the launch site, and it looked like it was going to be a close reach or beat, so we soon said farewell to our friends and each boat cast off for the return trip.

A close reach with reefed sails was all it took to get the Pearls back to the Dunedin Causeway beach where we'd launched. Helping each other get our boats back on the trailers and the trailers out of the sand proved to be one of the more challenging parts of a fantastic day, but things were shortly put right, and we were on our way home. I took John back to my house where Dave Ray drove up from Roy Bookbinder's (another great blues guitarist) house in St. Petersburg to pick him up. John is now on our West Coast Trailer Sailing mailing list, and promises to sail with us again when he visits Florida. Now, how far away is Minnesota?

Thank you, *Messing About in Boats*, for all the connecting that you allow people of like minds to do through your pages. We are indeed a group of kindred spirits holding candles in the wind.

Websites for information on Koerner, Ray and Glover:

Official Spider John Koerner website: <http://www.mwt.net/~koerner/>

Official Dave Snaker Ray website: <http://www.jdray.com/>

Official Tony Little Sun Glover website: <http://www.island.net/~blues/tglover.htm>



Quiet water, snags and cypress.

Forest primeval is the general impression, across from the revetments and screened lanai of the gentry. Spanish moss is pretty much designed just to project that image. The Hillsborough River near Tampa, Florida, has plenty of public and private access as it drains in a meandering fashion, generally southwest, through the city of Tampa and into the head of the bay. But toward its headwaters, only about eighteen miles as the osprey glides, it is wild. Not much momentum is gained in an area with so little elevation, so paddling upstream or down requires little difference in effort. The river is generally shallow and often rocky limestone, with anage, overhanging trees and cypress swamp providing an indeterminate shore for much of the way.

Today, in late April, only dragonflies (of which there are 22 Florida varieties listed by Audubon) and waterbugs represent the insect world. Indeed, in the few months that I have been on the rivers here, bugs have not been a problem. The sun is something else though, even in the spring.

Other wildlife is more common on this river than on the couple of other, more remote, waterways I have dipped into. Except that those had manatees. This one has alligators at the top of its food chain. Most of these are in the range of four to six feet, but their daddies are around, on the banks if there isn't too much paddle traffic, or just seen as a pair of knobby eyes above the surface. The smaller gators will slip off the bank, or sink slowly, without a ripple, when their space is violated within twenty to thirty feet. One big fellow this morning didn't follow that routine, but just rotated as I passed some twelve to fifteen feet away.

Vultures on the beach near cypress snags.



Messing About on the Hillsborough River

By Irwin Schuster

He pivoted slowly, again without any disturbance of the surface, as I coasted by. Stealth is their scheme, and they are good at it. It is creepy to be the watched as well as being the watcher, particularly with only about 0.080" of rotomolded poly between your fundament and a potential consumer.

They can be grouchy if annoyed, I understand, and they do take a toll on free running pets, but my theory is that big animals don't get big by attacking creatures larger than themselves (at least not one on one). My defense is a boat of livid lime coloration and I always employ as scary a face as I can muster. Anyway, for efficiency and dining pleasure, I figure they'll go for the jelly beans duckie-paddling three-up in the dark green canoes. I know I would.

Heron, egrets, anhingas, ducks, ibis, fish crows, vultures, and ospreys are routine, storks and cranes occasional, but today a team of roseate spoonbills shovel through the muck, conspicuous in pink plumage. Turtles sun themselves, balanced atop logs, with one or both hind feet extended with palms vertical. I can't say why. Would it be to keep them from getting sunburned? Why not just bring them inside? There's not much else to think about

on a one mph current.

Deer and otters are reported, and raccoons too, but I haven't been treated to those scenes as yet. Foxes, cougars, bobcats and bears are around but rarely visible. Off the river, armadillos top the chart as roadkill and general nuisances around the garden. I trapped ours a week ago but would not be surprised to see evidence of his replacement any day now.

Back on the river, pines, palms and cedars are abundant, but the most conspicuous tree is the cypress growing well over a hundred feet tall in standing water, with pyramidal bases often ten times greater than the trunk diameter, at only six or eight feet above water level. The cypress throws out "knees" which protrude upward from its roots. It is not clear why, even to experts. Regarding water level, debris demonstrates that it can be five feet higher, and given the minimal elevation differential hereabouts, you have to figure that is going to extend the swamp to some distance.

There is fishing, and maybe even some catching, but most is done from the banks near the bridges, from canoes or from jon boats with electric trolling motors. Those who live on the banks do not tolerate much more in the way of power. The river does pass through bucolic neighborhoods in some places outside of the city, it is rarely populated on more than one side, and a great part passes through parks and conservation areas. Other than the inevitable, occasional, dangling bobber, there is an absolute minimum of trash. All in all, the Hillsborough River is a pleaeant surpree, proving that primitive areas can exist in close proximity to both traffic lanes and areas of rapid population growth.



In the summer of 1988, when I sat down to write the first issue of the *Wee Lassie*, it was with the desire to describe to other people the excellent qualities of the little canoe. Over the years I have seen no reason to change the purpose of the newsletter. The Wee Lassie is still, in my mind, the best way to enjoy being on the water. Her small size lets her go places where a big canoe would be awkward. The use of a double paddle enables her to go up stream even in very shallow water. Her sleek shape makes her easy to paddle against or across the wind. All in all a very simple little boat that works very well.

You could compare my style of canoeing with what is called sauntering. It is not a trip because there is no goal. It is no contest because speed is not the object. It is more the exploration and enjoyment of a particular habitat and the creatures that live there. I like to feel that for short periods of time I share their world, without changing or destroying it.

Canoeing to me is a time for quiet laughter, a chance to clear the mind and feel at one with the universe. Years ago, paddling in Okefenokee swamp, I came around a bend in the channel and saw ahead of me a canoe broadside on to the stream. It was a tandem canoe, with a man and woman seemingly very intent on something back in the underbrush. I backpaddled against the very slow current, thinking they were watching a deer, or an alligator. I didn't want to spook whatever it was they were watching. After a bit, they must have sensed my presence. I heard them start to giggle. They were both just sitting in the canoe with their eyes shut, just letting it drift wherever it would. That couple taught me something. The very simple pleasure of just drifting.

There is something about being on a stream first thing in the morning when everything is still, and the drip from your paddle blade is the only sound, that just makes me feel good all over.

They say that it is never too late to have a happy childhood, and I know the saying has been true in my life. The Wee Lassie type canoe has certainly been a major factor in the last twenty years or so of my life. I started

Just Sauntering Along

By Mac McCarthy

building strippers in our garage, but after I had built two canoes and started on a third, Alice suggested I give her back her garage. I rented a small warehouse space a short drive from the house, and soon after built my first Wee Lassie. The one space was big enough for several years, as I was still working full time as a construction superintendent.

When I semi-retired, I added a space next door, and soon after expanded all the way through the building to get cross ventilation. This has enabled me to work comfortably through the summer here in Florida. About twelve years ago I got a call from *WoodenBoat* magazine about writing an article on building the Wee Lassie, and shortly after was asked if I thought a class was possible. They had been reading my little newsletter and thought the little canoe was neat too.

So, really, my newsletter was the cause of it all. I ended up teaching a two-week course on building the Wee Lassie each summer for the next ten years. *WoodenBoat* published my book *Featherweight Boatbuilding* three or four years ago. I continue to write my newsletter, and enjoy going to my shop each morning.

I still teach at my shop in Sarasota, but not in scheduled classes. I limit the number of people building boats at any one time to what I am comfortable with. I furnish the materials, the tools, and the expertise. The student gets to build a really nice boat without having to rush to meet a deadline. More and more students want to build their boats without staple marks, etc, so being able to stretch the time frame makes it better for them.

I recently built a Wee Lassie with a group of kids from the local YMCA. The youngest was ten, the oldest fifteen. The kids raffled off the canoe, and made over six thousand dollars after paying me for the materials for the canoe. Not a bad car wash. I've been thinking about doing one of these a year for a local char-

ity. Everybody wins, which is a nice way to go. Young people learn something about building stuff. Old people learn that kids can do good work if given a challenge. While teaching kids that young made me nervous about shop tools, etc, they did just fine. So we all learned something.

I have no idea how many Wee Lassies have been built over the years from my patterns, and book. I feel that every one who has built one of the little canoes is one less person screaming around the water on a jet ski. That may be my main contribution to the human race.

With the postal service going up again on their rates this June, I will be faced with a decision as to how to continue the newsletter. I definitely don't want to raise the subscription price, and I definitely want to continue putting it out, so I may go to three issues instead of four a year. That will cut down on the printing, and postage costs, and keep it from being a burden financially.

To all my Wee Lassie friends: I don't know where I got this from, but here it is, words of advice: The sun is up. The sky is blue. I've gone canoeing. Why don't you?

Henry "Mac" McCarthy, Feather Canoes, 3080 North Washington Blvd., Unit 19 North, Sarasota, FL 34234.

KLEPPER FOLDING KAYAKS

www.westernfoldingkayak.com
Largest Selection in the Whole USA
Western Folding Kayak Center

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.
Somerset, CA 95684-0130

Get more for your \$\$\$
Toll Free: 888-692-8092



KAYAKS

Boréal Design
Wilderness Systems - Old Town
CANOES

Ranger - Old Town - Radisson
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Can you Canoe?

Let Mac McCarthy show you how to build a Wee Lassie, the 11'6" wood-strip double-paddle canoe, featured in his book *Featherweight Boatbuilding*. 96 pages, \$19.95.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447
or visit our site and click the link
for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616

www.woodenboat.com

Quiet had sunk in through the night. Sawdust settled, power saws turned off, old fashioned wooden sliding doors closed to the public, when we arrived one by one for the 9am class held at the Mariner's Museum Boatshop, a class on rigging and sailing old fashioned downeast wooden sailboats.

"Welcome, my name is Brent, I'm just the paper pusher here," a tall gangly guy, heading up toward middle age greets us, looks like an old surfer from California. He is newly hired at the boatshop to introduce youth and adults to sailing. I look around, no young people today. The seven of us, standing, gawking, middle aged, holding our bags of lunch, swimming suits, boat shoes, flip flops, not an advertisement for slick nautical clothing.

"Two boats going out today. Bob will captain his boat, a sharpie, and Jim will captain the spritsail. How many have never sailed? Okay, you four go with Jim. You other three go with Bob." Brent turns and heads back towards his office.

I've just moved to Beaufort, a seaport town on the coast of North Carolina. I was lucky to find an old apartment building on Front Street that had been converted into four condominiums plus a dock. From my living room I overlook marshes, two uninhabited islands and the Atlantic Ocean squeezing into the narrow Beaufort Inlet. This port is a haven for sailors who made it around Hatteras or who are leaving for Bermuda and the Caribbean. I want to sail the creeks, estuaries, and snoop around the Outer Banks. I don't have a boat to do that, yet so I signed up for classes, mostly to see how these shoal draft boats could do in such shallow protected waters.

Bob is a big guy, red bathing suit, long hair and white beard, deeply tanned, my age, mid-fifties. He carries out the mast on his shoulders, shoves it into a slot on his boat and pushes it up, all singlehanded. He hustles back to the boatshop for his sails, and nimbly negotiates the steps down the dock carrying two slim wooden poles, with sails attached. With different lines, he ties knots, then yells out, "Ready!" So much for learning how to rig a sailboat.

"Okay, let's do names, in case we run into trouble out there."

"Terry."

"Tony."

"Earl."

"I'm Bill."

"Okay, I'm Bob, this is my boat, I made it, let's go. Terry shove us away from the dock. Who wants the tiller?"

I quickly raise my hand, "I do!"

Bob's boat is painted white on the inside, it's a combination of juniper and pine. A comfortable boat, wide enough for the five of us to sit comfortably. Bob is on the bow, checking for boat traffic. "Okay, Bill, sail for the Duke Marine Lab building over there on Radio Island." We're off.

The tide is going out, a stiff current this Saturday in mid-July. The wind is out of the northeast, the sailboat gathers up speed and Bob raises a sail I have never worked with, a topsail. "Good when you are around buildings or trees, sticks up there high to catch the wind." Bob cinches the line. I'm about ready to change directions since we are already bearing down on the Marine Lab's dock.

"Captain, time to come about?" I shout forward.

Bob, who has been explaining the plank-

Never Do That

By Bill Coolidge

ing of the boat to Tony, turns around and looks, "Sure enough, let's do it."

"Coming about on the count of three, everyone ready?" Silence. "Are you all ready," I ask again. "Yeah, sure, why not," I mutter to myself that this crew isn't ready at all and swing the tiller far to the right and the sharpie smartly fights the current, makes the course change and we head back up Taylor's Creek, in between the anchored sailboats, tour boats, and the docks of the restaurants.

I've been "back east" for six weeks now and am not at all adjusted to the pace of life. On San Francisco Bay, sailing in July would be cold, wind blustery, and casual conversation would be at a minimum, eyes looking out for ferries, tankers, freighters and the multitude of power and sailboats cries-crossing our path. Today the temperature is rising toward the 90 degree mark. It's muggy, the water is warm, this sail is like a leisurely hike, stopping when we want. I keep my thoughts to myself. I'm still trying to slow down, enjoy the company, the scenery, the lighter winds, the lack of a destination.

The other sailboat captained by Jim is making erratic progress against the wind. A brand new sailor is at the helm and whenever a gust hits the sail, he turns into the wind, a crew lets the sail out and they wallow for a while. "Let's sail up toward Shackleford," Bob shouts to Jim. We trim our sails, head out the inlet and then turn to port to tack in the narrow expanse of water between Carrot Island and Shackleford Banks. Powerboats are everywhere on this Saturday morning, fishing, pulling skiers, leisurely making their way toward Cape Lookout or beached, crew laying out, swimming.

Summer on San Francisco Bay is an opportune time for hypothermia. The afternoon wind increases to 20 knots, the temperature drops into the low sixties, the spray of the water cools, many people are underdressed. The water temperature here today is 80 degrees. We jump out of the sailboat and drag her ashore for lunch.

Bob brought a can of deviled ham but forgot a can opener. He also forget the cell phone in case of an emergency, his hat, sun tan lotion and sunglasses. I give him one of my peanut butter and honey sandwiches. Earl who announces he is a dermatologist throws Bob some sun tan lotion, plus a little lecture, "Keep yourself well covered."

Bob turns and smiles, "My doctor said, just keep my head and shoulders covered and I'll be okay." His tanned bald head is already turning red.

Jim and Bob have talked, "We're going to sail around the island and come in Taylor's Creek with the tide." We trade boats, I'm in charge of the topsail. Jim is on the bow, coaching Tony, at the tiller on how to avoid the numerous sand bars. But out here with the tide going out, it's impossible. For the next hour and a half we hit bottom, pull the centerboard up, jump out and shove. Like being stuck in deep snow or mud. We push and tug until we are in 18' of water again, the wind hits the sail and we rush to jump back on. Those with flip flops are at a disadvantage since they sink into the muck quickly. Earl gives up on his

sandals and stays in the boat.

It's about 3pm. We have been tacking back and forth against the tidal current and wind for over an hour making no headway. Jim, our new captain is worried. His curly hair, easy smile, talkative nature has turned. Furrowed eyes, he is muttering to himself. We have tried everything. Moving forward to head the boat more into the wind. Hands pulling on the sail to tighten her up. Moving aft, putting our weight onto the lee side for a better angle and still when we come about, we lose ground and sail by the same anchored fishing boat. We have stopped waving and so have they.

We brainstorm options. Mine is to head for the far sandbar and walk the boat for a mile over to Taylor's Creek. Earl wants to go back the way we came. He doesn't understand that the tidal current will be fiercer in the inlet than it is out here. Tony wants to keep on sailing. "Let's try Bill's idea." As Jim says this, his face doesn't brighten nor does his frown unfurl. I'm at the tiller.

"Okay" I say, "let's head for that buoy and run her aground." But we can't do it, the current sweeps us away. After two tacks, I announce, "This isn't working captain."

"Okay, dammit, we'll flag one of those big powerboats and get a tow." Silence falls on the crew. Tony's lips are twitching as if an inner battle is going on, to speak or not. Jim stands up and starts waving his arms, like a coach announcing the need for a time out. I stand up and do the same. Tony sits still, looking the other way. Terry keeps quiet, Earl is busy snapping pictures of some nearby egrets.

Four young men, beers in hand, a 115hp Suzuki on the back of their white Jarrett's Bay fishing boat pull alongside. We throw them a line, they tow us, sails fluttering, straight for the channel markers fronting Taylor's Creek. Way up ahead of us Bob's boat is tacking back and forth smartly, apparently beating the current that blocked our forward passage. Tony leans over and whispers to me, "In ten years of sailing, I have never been towed. I would never, never do that. I'd find a solution!" His scraggly beard and his shrouded blue eyes, turn down and away.

Meanwhile Jim is not screening his own thoughts. "What are they going to say when they hear I accepted a tow? I'll never hear the end of it, especially from Roger."

Earl turns to me and asks, "Now tell me again why don't we just turn around and sail back the way we came?" Terry's eyes are distant. Like he has already left. I'm thankful for the tow since I have to make some phone calls and do some work before 5pm.

The big power boat negotiates the buoys and releases us to sail down Taylor's Creek with the current and the wind. But there is little joy on the boat since Jim is still ruminating just how he is going to explain this failure of all failures to boatshop staff and volunteers. "Maybe I'll say we got tangled up in their anchor line and they dragged us all the way to Taylor's Creek." I laugh, but I'm the only one laughing.

It is an uneasy tension between powerboaters and sailors. This matter of artificial power. Usually any sailboat longer than 20' has a little outboard engine. Where is the cut-off point? 30hp? Sailboat engines are called auxiliaries. That is, supplemental to wind power. Sailors want to be challenged by the elements not powered through them. We're a hangdog mess of crew by the time we hit the

docks, literally since Terry took the helm, and is still learning how to sail. Hot, tired, sunburned, hungry, thirsty, it's almost 5pm.

Roger is there, helping us and the boat from coming to a dead standstill. "You won't believe it, Roger, we accepted a tow," Jim blurts out. Not a bad way to put it, I think, kind of passive, semi-emergency like.

"What!" Roger seems shocked, dismayed. On this the first day of classes for potential woodenboat sailors, we were humbled. We betrayed the ethos of woodenboaters everywhere.

As I walk into the boathouse, the westerly sun is shrouding the long lengths of pine and juniper with a warmth reminding me of an old log cabin I used to own, late afternoon bread baking, a deep sense of well being. As I ride my bike back down Front Street, I remember tacking back and forth, between Shackleford Banks and Carrot Island, wind crispy, waves gently splashing the hull, my right hand over the gunwales letting the warm salty brew deepen this budding trust that I will find a home, here on the other coast, a home with protected waters, and a sturdy sailboat, and in time, with a steady southwestern wind, I'll start my small diesel engine and steadily move out to meet the Atlantic.

Interested in traditional small boats?

JOIN TSCA!

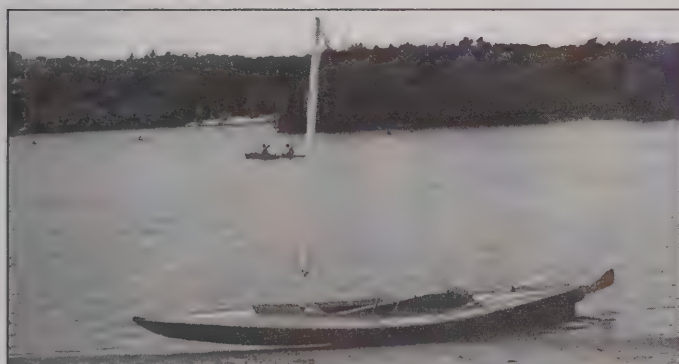
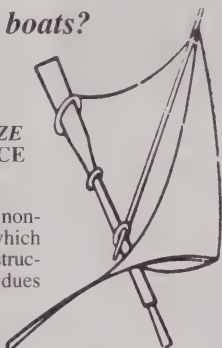
MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES:

- A SUBSCRIPTION TO *THE ASH BREEZE*
- MEMBERS' DISCOUNT BOOK SERVICE
- INSURED SMALL CRAFT EVENTS

The Traditional Small Craft Association is a non-profit tax-exempt educational organization which seeks to preserve and encourage the design, construction, and use of traditional small craft. Annual dues \$15 (tax deductible).

www.tsca.net

Write to: The Secretary
The Traditional Small Craft Association
P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355



The Caillou

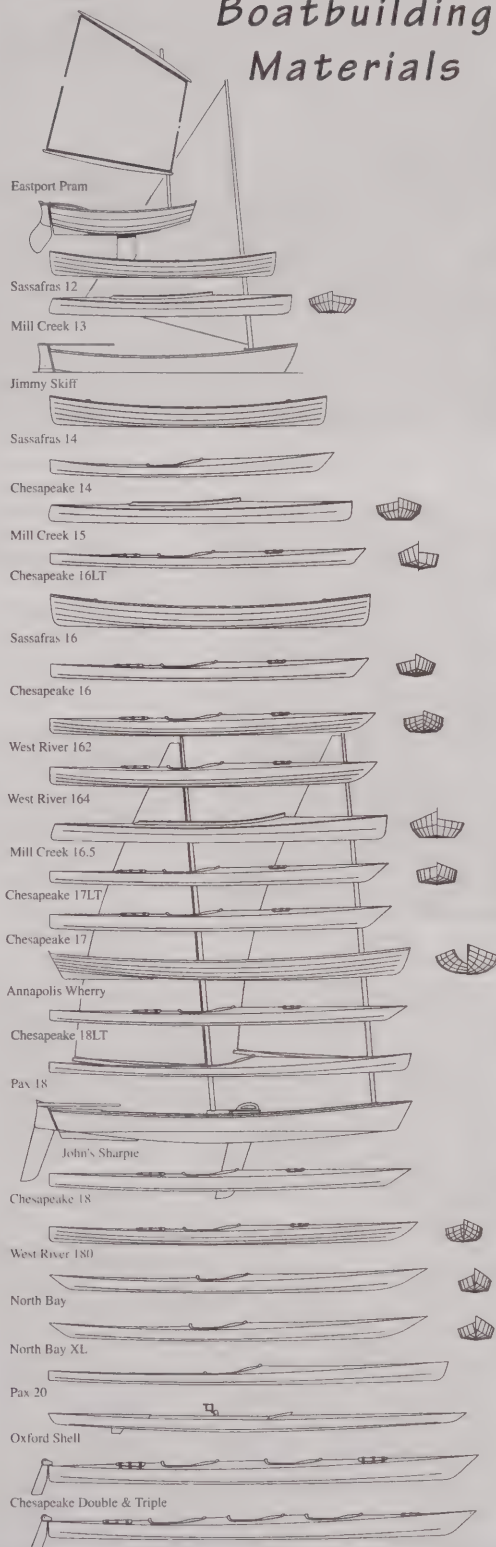
A BETTER SMALL BOAT.™

877 CAILLOU
www.sail-or-paddle.com

www.clcboats.com



Kits, Plans & Boatbuilding Materials



Find what you need at www.clcboats.com

Chesapeake Light Craft
1805 George Avenue
Annapolis, MD 21401

Request a free catalogue:
410•267•0137
info@clcboats.com

CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT



Our ship awaits.

January 3: Two calls from Chuck. Yesterday he called to say when I should arrive in Shalimar; today, to say that the broker and the owner of *Kassablanca Too* have a punch list requiring attention before the boat can leave West Palm Beach for San Destin, Florida. Chuck cannot move until both the broker and owner are satisfied. So, the trip is on hold. Chuck does not like surprises and says twice, "Don't be mad at me, Bud." Mad? I am a three-day-old, that is, an infant retiree from the rectorship of an Episcopal Church. My stepson Chuck has invited me on this adventure, and though raised on Mobile on the water, I've never spent the night on a boat or been south of Cedar Key in Florida. Going is important, not when. Chuck says he will call the moment he knows something. He will, too.

I don't consider myself a proper crew member. Chuck's father-in-law, Steve Ryznik is. He is retired military and has helped Chuck deliver sail and power boats and sometimes crews for him on Chuck's 30' sailboat *Spanish Moon*. Chuck has two experienced younger men, Rob Shinn and John Burt, lined up, but says that if the delay extends more than a day or two we will lose Burt. So I may do more than observe and keep this log. Chuck wants to have at least four able bodies to bring this new boat to her home berth.

January 4, 9:30am: A call. Chuck aborts the trip for this week; it is on for the next. He signs off, "Loose lips sink ships." But I do tell his mother.

January 7: I'm to be in Shalimar Tuesday. We will leave in a rented vehicle for West Palm Beach early Wednesday, the eleventh.

January 10: Chuck has clear instructions on what to bring: "Two long-sleeved tee shirts, two short-sleeved, some sweats, two pairs of shorts, a warm jacket, a windbreaker, blue jeans, see, you can't tell about the weather, a hat, dark glasses, sunscreen, and Bud, buy you some white-soled shoes."

"Chuck, you told me last time you were here my New Balance with the white and gray soles would be okay."

"Oh. Yeah. Well, all right."

A lot goes into my luggage that would not have forty years ago: Zocor, Labetelol, selenium, vitamins, eye drops, soy milk, and

Delivery Of The *Kassablanca Too* January 12 - 16, 2000

By Francis Walter

a tasty blend of adult breakfast cereal made by my wife, Faye. Chuck says a principal work aboard will be blending the perfect sauce for spareribs prepared on the boat's topside electric grill. Oh my!

January 11, 10:00am: A cloudless day in the seventies in Alabama and Florida. Many people have to decide whether to turn on air conditioners, a pleasant drive from Birmingham.

I have found my way to the Hudspeths using the 98 *Streets* program on our new computer. It printed a color map of Shalimar, targeting Chuck's house precisely. At 8:00pm, I drive Chuck to the Okaloosa Airport to rent a van. Chuck and his wife Jane have decided to let their son Chase go. Jane will call by cell phone any homework assignments to Chase as we thread our way through the Intra-coastal Waterway (ICW).

January 12, 5:45am: We pick up Steve in Niceville, beginning a 600 mile trip. Near Daytona we peel off Interstate 95 into the low-lying Florida flora that I have never seen before. We pick up Rob Shinn at his industrial complex where he owns and operates Mil-Spec Metal Finishing, Inc. Mil-Spec does high quality metal finishing for aerospace and other products. Rob's partner is showing a nickel sales representative some technically difficult jobs well done. It is interesting to hear, but beside them I see a freshly re-plated Crane lavatory stopper, identical to two in pedestal sinks in my 1926 Birmingham home. The nickel has long since worn off mine, showing brass. If I ever want re-plated fixtures... Rob is Chuck's age and temperament. He loads both a crockpot full of his own meat balls and spaghetti sauce and a smoked turkey breast, not wanting to rely on Chuck's propensity for a diet of Dinty Moore's hash, smoked oysters,

and crackers while on the water.

We pull into an upscale marina in West Palm Beach. The *Kassablanca Too* fits in. She is sixty feet of smooth fiberglass and teak with a spotless interior. The wood glows; dust is absent. But like a computer, this mechanism is complex and most of it is covered up, under, over, and behind the space for people. Steve, Chuck, and some technician on the cell phone spend more than an hour learning the electrical systems. There is difficulty mastering the alternating current as the boat is switched back and forth between exterior current and onboard power.

Rob is compiling a grocery list. Some are shy about specifying our preferences. "Milk?" Silence. "I drink skim," says Rob.

"Me, too," I say.

"Can we compromise on 1% because of Chase?" asks Chuck.

"Sure."

Chase, who is a deliberate child, deliberates over breakfast cereal. He tells me he eats a variety of cereals so he has a number of them to consider. He chooses "Captain Crunch Oops All Berries", but sadly his choice is lost in transmission so all he gets is frosted flakes.

Chuck has left to turn in the rental van. We are still mastering switches and hidden relays. The microwave is on; the stove is not. Out of respect for Chuck and our ignorance, no one will mess with switches. So Rob has no way to boil the pasta for his crock-potted spaghetti and meatballs. For pasta we substitute chunks of a tasty loaf of bread.

Chuck returns, hits a switch marked "Hob". On comes the stove. He shrugs, "I think it means stove in England. The hulls of Vikings are made in England and assembled over here." He may be right, or are all boat stoves called hobs? The Oxford English Dictionary says "...now usually the iron-plated sides of a small grate on which things may be set to warm."

Lots of groceries come on board. Stowing takes on a deeper reality for me. Putting stuff away in a boat in a rational manner is essential. There are compartments everywhere, under and behind things one would not think hid storage space.

January 13, 7:00am: Departure is underway. All electrical systems are on except the salon TV, its VCR and the topside barbecue grill. As we navigate the ICW and the St. Lucie Canal I am struck by the value of redundancy. Chuck and Rob are experienced on the water, yet they repeat things over and over, channel marker numbers, both their locations on the chart and on the water, and lines of sight from one to the other. They compare bridge heights from the chart with markings on the abutments and with their own estimates. Even their banter repeats information. Chuck gives redundant orders. His genius is amiability.

From a less amiable captain, crew and guests might soon resent this repetition. But no one resents it in Chuck. I reflect on my own inability to give concise, yet redundant, instruction. I am frozen by fear that I might offend someone's intelligence by belaboring directions. I do consider myself a good mentor, but my narrative style would not work instructing a crew on how to get a sixty-foot vessel through the St. Lucie Lock. We are standing on portside at bow, amidships and stern with lines and bumpers to keep *Kassablanca Too* from brushing the sides of the lock. Modern fiberglass boats call for the same degree of skin

care as top-line fashion models.

We are lifted by locks into Lake Okeechobee. Because humans want to live below and around the lake the watery reaches around Okeechobee have been drained. The solution of the Corps of Engineers was to girdle the lake with a dam keeping at least part of it looking like its former self. So the lake sits in a shallow bowl on the surface of Florida. Boats are lifted up into it and lowered down from it by locks.

Crossing a smooth Okeechobee we enter the Clewiston Lock, are dropped, and find a berth at Raymond Martin's Marina. Chuck comes alongside the fuel dock to top off the diesels, but says he wants to turn the boat 180 degrees so as to be heading out in the morning. This we do in what looks to me like a 65' wide inlet. Jack, the attendant, says they normally only turn 55' boats, the *Kassablanca Too* is 60' long. Jack keeps a hand on the bow as it nears the dock and Rob and I watch the stern slowly swing by the other side of the inlet, which is rock lined.

These boats are equipped with bow thrusters. A turbine in the bow can direct a jet of water to either side. With this assist and one prop forward, one reverse, the boat can turn on its axis like a top. Chuck's turn shows confidence, not rashness. We do get appreciative looks from the patrons of an open, thatch-roof bar which is playing the quietest popular music I have heard in a public place in decades. The drinkers are conversing quietly, too. I am charmed. We tie up about 100' up the wharf from the fuel dock. It is beer time.

I marinate red bell peppers, cauliflower, and broccoli for grilling. Rob will cook the meat. But the grill, which had shown some signs of life, will not come on. These relays take some learning. We improvise with the microwave. Dinner seats us at the cabin dining table. This will be the only time we all eat together. Then we use the marina showers. The salon TV and VCR have been mastered. It is obligatory to see the tape of the first American Bruce Lee movie. I submit out of respect for my mates.

About one or two in the morning I become aware of waves slapping the hull. It is a soothing sound and there is no movement of the boat. In the morning when I stumble out of my stateroom to ask Chuck to turn on my lights, it is apparent that the weather has changed. The sky is cloudless still, but a cold wind that rises at times to 30mph is blasting us from the northwest. Thanks to Chuck's decision last evening, the bow is headed almost into the wind and out of the marina. Four guys on the dock and our crew of three attend to slipping the lines and easing the boat away from the pier pushing against the pressure of the wind.

This weather will probably redirect us north up the ICW when we reach the west side of Florida. Without the wind we could have gone earlier into the Gulf. Leaving Martin's, we pass a passel of bass fishermen here for a one day tournament in their \$20,000 rigs. They were the quiet people at the bar. We are in a wide channel leading to the the Caloosahatchee River; on our starboard side toward the lake are miles of dead meleluca trees. Steve says men were girdling the trees the last time he was here. One can see the marks. There are hundreds of thousands of dead trees to starboard and green ones to port. This must be some sort of environmental ex-

periment, and what a labor-intensive one! These Australian aliens are among the hosts of foreign flora and fauna that are recreating Florida into what?

Anyone cruising here should invest \$36.95 in *Southern Waterway Guide, From Florida to the Mexican Border*, updated annually. It takes one mile by mile and is not all technical. We are told that little LaBelle, Florida (which we have just passed) is at mile 103 of the Okeechobee Waterway, allows free dockage at its municipal pier for three days, but no return for eight days. Incidentally, this is similar to some men's rescue mission rules. but LaBelle serves a different class of people. We are told LaBelle has a library a few steps from the dock and an ATM. LaBelle hosts the Swamp Cabbage Festival the last weekend in February. Rob adds information not in the guide, "If a mariner asks for a key, he or she may take a free shower at City Hall." It is pleasant to be cruising at twenty knots or so and read what is coming a few miles ahead. Not knowing about *Southern Waterway Guide* last night at Martin's Marina, I missed knowing that edible papaya grow wild there.

The northwest wind does not slack off, but the sky remains cloudless. It is 2:15pm. The wind is from the northwest at 25mph. As we pass Fort Myers into the more bay-like mouth of the Caloosahatchee River the wind kicks up quite a chop. We do not wish to enter a marina as daylight fails. Turning north to follow the Intra-coastal Waterway brings spray and colder wind onto the bridge as rollers from the northwest slam into the starboard bow. Chuck remarks that it will be worse when we enter the more open water of Charlotte Harbor in the late afternoon.

It is worse. Chuck yells to Steve and Chase down below to secure everything and put loose objects on the floor. There is an acrylic vase of artificial flowers that occupies

me through the rough weather. No matter where we put it, it flops over and we keep moving it around seeking a safer berth. The vase is clear and has artificial water, also of plastic, to hold the flowers' stems. Don't know why, it just amuses me to see this unmoving water resting always level to the vase, no matter that the vase is sideways or anyways. Chase becomes unhappy. Rob's pasta pot slipped off the galley counter onto his head as he was stowing kitchen stuff. Chase sticks his head up the passageway to the bridge and tells his dad he can't take it anymore. But he does.

Today's weather is unexpected. Clear as a bell, but this wind! I am in charge of the chart through Charlotte Harbor. One drives, one uses binoculars, one consults the chart. I use Chuck's handkerchief and my sleeves to keep the chart dry. Chuck calls South Seas Marina to reserve a slip. Unexpectedly, the harbor master says none is available. Chuck is the least aggressive, most assertive person I know. "Bud," he says, "we're getting really roughed up out here, sure you don't have anything? Okay. How about we tie up at the fuel dock after you've served everybody? No?"



Steve and Chase in the galley with the flowers.

Rob, Steve and Chuck under the bimini.



Okay, Bud. Do you have a place we could anchor out of the way, off the dock? Okay, Bud, I understand. Really. Thank you."

Rob reminds Chuck that harbor masters are not keen to allow boats to anchor out of a slip because all the guys who are paying \$3 or so a foot a night to stay in a slip get mad. This weather has driven lots of boats to harbor, so transient slips are few. There is still plenty of daylight but Chuck is ready to know where we are spending the night. Nobody on this trip takes chances, except myself, and that is out of inexperience. For instance, I was carrying a boat bumper back to its berth. Our bumpers look like white Vienna sausages, three feet long, with a line attached. Rob tells me, "Don't carry that bumper dragging the line, you could step on it and fall overboard."

Chuck will bring us in to Miller's Marina. The ETA is later than he would wish but there will still be enough light. Miller's channel is 90 degrees off the Intra-coastal Waterway on our port side. Turning, we get the wind behind us. The chart shows the mouth of an inlet, then immediately two branches, left and right. The harbor master is in radio contact. He tells us to take the left branch. A golf course is on the right of the inlet; we now see it clearly. Accordingly, when we reach the mouth and turn left into the marina, the land between us and Charlotte Harbor should have given us shelter. We turn left into the harbor channel.

The wind is still toward the stern. And there is the harbor master with a helper motioning us to enter one of the first slips in the marina.

This is how I remember what happened next, things happening so fast. Though things do not really happen fast to a 60' boat moving dead slow, it just seemed fast. Two boats were on each side and it looked like a narrow slip to me as I stood on the stern. It was just a row of 6" posts outlining a space before a dock. Turns out the marina is not sheltered here. There is only a narrow spit of sand between us and the bay, no sheltering trees. It is doing nothing to the wind. Chuck eased the boat past the slip and began to back in using the bow thrusters and the props to spin slowly around. This presented the port side of the boat directly to the wind. The wind pushed the boat out of alignment with the slip.

Chuck later said that at that moment the bow thruster could not hold the boat against the wind. So we began to enter the slip at an increasing angle as Chuck eased into forward to cancel this crooked approach. The *Kassablanca Too* has a swim platform on which is stowed a Zodiac pontoon boat. As I watched, a post touched the outside pontoon tip and began to bend it. Hardly a disaster since it is an inflatable tube. But it was frightening to see something, anything, go amiss on the trajectory of this trip which had so far been perfect.

The post then came into contact with the stern bumper rail of the boat. The post bent and made a popping sound. Now the boat had headway but continued to steepen the angle between it and the slip. Inch by inch the starboard side near the stern moved toward the short bowsprit of another motor boat. I remember getting one hand on the bowsprit for a second but it was slick and something fortunately told me not to put my hand directly on the point of it and risk getting a hand crushed. I believe Rob later consoled me by saying I could not have done much to hold off a 30 ton boat

pushed by a 25mph wind.

Anyway, I felt that we had made contact with the bowsprit, but saw no evidence. By this time a number of people were coming out of boats and the marina to help. When Chuck stopped the drift leeward we were about parallel with another slip at right angles to the one we had been assigned, but coming at it bow first. By this time ten or so people were on the dock, lines were thrown this way and that from boat to dock and dock to boat. Four people were on one line snugged once around a piling and each time we edged closer to a parallel mooring they took up slack.

We moored, inelegantly and bow first, but secure. Now everyone on shore pushed us up.

"Should have seen us come in."

"Don't worry, fella."

"We've all done things like that."

"Happens to everybody."

"Good job!"

Steve and I run out the shore power cord from its stem locker to get shore power but since we are in bow first it is short by a few feet. Chuck will not run the generator all night so he tells us after we get back on board from supper it will be lights out and no heat. And there are not any blankets. We realize we are tired, hyped and unhappy. But before heading to the restaurant Chuck and Rob go over the whole exterior of the boat with flashlights looking for any possible damage. Not a scratch. There is a smudge of algae on the boat's bumper under the Zodiac, but it brushes off.

The five of us head for the marina restaurant. There, an especially charming waitress named Mandy soothes us right down. I had stone crabs for the first time. Jimmy Buffet CDs played. After the meal Chuck went aboard the boat whose bowsprit we may have bumped. The owners checked it out with him. Nothing. Back aboard, the movie of the night is *Men in Black*, but some of us fell asleep. I put on my sweats over other stuff and go to bed. As I open Pat Barker's novel *Union Street*, it is lights out all over the boat.

January 15, 6am: Nobody in this marina will go out if the wind stays up. But the weather report and reality coincide at winds of 10 - 15mph; almost no clouds, still cool. Departure is perfect. *Kassablanca Too* backs toward the buoy line along the bay side of the inlet. We turn on a dime and leave the harbor for the Intra-coastal Waterway. On the bridge it is cold. We pass Boca Grande to port. Around Venice Chuck sees a manatee. No one else gets a glimpse, but all have seen a few hundred billion dollars of real estate flow by. Is that compensation?

Oh yes, last night at the restaurant Rob said he would tell a couple of truly dumb jokes. If we laughed it would prove we were as tired as he thought we were. We laughed. Chase joined in with eleven-year-old jokes. I learned that all my childhood "little moron" jokes have been turned into "dumb blonde" jokes. Chase has lots. We even touched on the political correctness issue. An adult says (probably in deference to Mandy, who was not even near), "Whadda you think about knocking blondes, Chase?"

"I'm blonde," he answers.

"But what about your sister?" (Meagan is also blonde).

"Oh, she told me the joke," says Chase.

He is innocent. Then Chase mentioned the soccer bus jokes but said some of them

were a little dirty. The one or two we dragged out of him were precisely off-color enough for us all to feel male-bonded without the grown males worrying over corrupting a youth. It is also worth reporting that at that same table Chase ate one dozen oysters, rolls, a tub of Crab Alfredo, then a large slice of the house specialty, cheesecake, which Mandy said she had decorated herself with alternating dollops of chocolate and plain whipped cream.

At noon this Saturday we are passing Sarasota. It blows cold when we can turn up the rpms, but is cloudless. The question is whether the weather and the allowed speeds on the Intra-coastal Waterway permit a night time crossing of the Gulf to bring us straight to Destin or will we stay in Clearwater and cross Sunday morning.

The Tampa Bay crossing is rough. We make a slight overshoot of the ICW and must retrace our way a bit, getting some directions by radio from *Endless Love* a nearby pleasure boat. Actually, we locate a short cut channel back to the ICW. There is a bridge indicated on the map and though it says we have clearance, nonetheless, Chuck approaches it with great caution; sometimes charts are wrong. It is clearly high enough but we pause and consider. Chuck has joked enough about some bridge scalping off the radar unit for me to guess this is a nightmarish preoccupation whenever he approaches an unfamiliar span. Traversing this bridge and following this channel has probably made up the time we lost on the overshoot.

We glimpse the Gulf to our left through the spaces between expensive houses. I am not sure what I think about these South Florida waterfronts. One is struck by the money, yes. But I only see a couple that engage themselves with the setting. The best of these is of muted browns and shelters on a point surrounded by palms, mangrove, and tall dark green trees called, I think, Australian Pines. The landscaper has united the house to the grounds and the terrain has been allowed to predominate. But some houses are just ugly and most, at least to me, are yelling like a spoiled child, "Look at me, look at me!"

Today, the relative calm and the long ICW stretches that say "Resume normal speed"; allow us to pick the marina of our choice. A night crossing is out. I opt for the Clearwater Municipal Marina, because it has a full page ad in the *Waterway's Guide* and lists every service except free massages. Chuck would have chosen it anyway. We enter, fuel up and dock seven feet behind the *SS Sophie* (SS stands for Springer Spaniel), a glistening antique of a boat built by Trumpy in 1947. Its specs are, I recall, 83' long, narrow, a 500hp plus diesel. It is entirely of teak and yellow pine. All this information is on a pert gold lettered sign on the rail also stating "Not for charter" and "Tours only by invitation". It is truly a spotless vision, glowing from the anointment of the tens of thousands of dollars that must go annually into its upkeep.

I remark on its splendor; Chuck is elsewhere, "Yeah, but it's all wood," Chuck says, too, that the sign is off putting to him. The guy wants everybody to know how special it is, hence the sign, but then the left hand taketh that away with the fussy "Not for charter, etc." But I disagree. These owners, whenever visible, would be overwhelmed by people asking the same questions over and over. The sign gives some peace. If *The Great Gatsby* is

filmed again, this boat needs to be off Daisy's pier.

Just before turning in we are in the salon. Rob exclaims quietly and points to a great blue heron standing on the foredeck clearly visible in the bright marina lights. The bird is just in front of the windshield. Chuck is phenomenally connected to this boat. He asks Chase to blow the horn directly over which this beautiful creature is standing.

"Oh, no!" some of us say. We mean, "Why startle this animal and rob us of its momentary presence?"

"Well, Buns," Chuck tells Chase, "just rap on the glass. I don't want no bird poopin' on my deck." Mr. heron solemnly departs. Sunrise Sunday shows that Chuck was too late and Steve goes topside with dampened paper towels to clean up the spot.

We go directly into the Gulf from Clearwater. A course is set for Apalachicola. The sea is moderately choppy but we are making about 23 knots. My first job is to watch for "pods". Or help do so. Up until the water is about 40' deep, traps are out for crab and lobster, each with a plastic float white or white and red. These are called pods. I had no idea such diligence would be necessary on the open Gulf. But a pod line can foul a propeller. At first I miss sighting a bunch of them at the required distance, but my brain circuits improve. After a few miles of water over 40' feet deep and no pods, the automatic pilot (Global Positioning System) is engaged. But at least two pair of eyes stay up top.

Steve is below at the cabin controls learning the radar. Not as a necessity, we can easily see five miles. But Chuck and Steve need to become familiar with this radar set. I glance at him occasionally from my seat at the dining table where I read Morning Prayer and work on this log. I have been able to read Morning Prayer every day and sometimes Evening Prayer. I miss receiving Communion today, something I have not missed on a Sunday in maybe fifty years.

Everyone is happy with this mile-eating run across the open Gulf. The GPS readouts indicate an average speed of around 25 knots over the bottom. This fluctuates, the highest over 27, the lowest maybe 23. This is the result of a more favorable wind direction which has created a following sea; we are sledding down waves which are going our way. The speed through the water is different; it remains constant at 23 knots, engines synchronized at 1,800rpm. When I feel the greatest acceleration, as we plane down a wave, I notice the GPS prints it just a twitch later. I assume this is because our position and speed flies up to the satellite in geosynchronous orbit over us and then rockets back down to show up on the liquid crystal screen.

The screen will also project a map of our part of the Gulf, showing Clearwater on the Gulf's north-south leg of Florida and Apalachicola on the panhandle. And here we are! A little boat figure with a dotted line showing our theoretical course ahead to Apalachicola and slightly curvacious solid line behind showing our actual past course.

The Gulf is clear of debris. I had expected more, but I am familiar with the Gulf along the beaches which are fouled with everything; orange peels, clots of oil, plastic jugs, plastic rope, floats, mayonnaise jars, and on and on. But we only see two styrofoam cups here out of sight of land. The GPS runs us; our job is to

look for untoward objects and no matter what they are, reduce speed until safety is assured. It is also our pleasure to see what delights. We see a large turtle ten feet from the port side, many dolphins, one of which leaps completely out of the water over and over in greeting. We see three birds resting on the water, each miles from the others. Such isolation spells loneliness to us social mammals. But the birds seem contented. What, I wonder, keeps sharks from helping themselves to a tasty morsel of feet and bottoms riding so available overhead?

One o'clock, the sun is in and out. The following sea has weakened and the pros are estimating, they do not do predicting, that this trip will be over by sundown. So we forget Appalachicola and are heading to Destin to dock in plenty of light.

At 2:30pm Steve is showing me what he knows about the radar. We can see land at twelve miles to starboard, not real land but the tops of condos. We can see boats and verify them visually but the set does not put the object where it really is. A boat at twelve o'clock is on the screen at nine o'clock. This can be corrected, but no one knows how right now. Steve says he needs some time alone with the manual this week. We talk computers awhile. Both the Ryzniks and Walters have gotten one around Christmas, and it seems both are on the low end of encompassing the abilities of these marvels. Be we are undaunted.

Things continue in a nominal mode. Chuck tells me something of his maintenance routine for a boat like this. Quite a bit, sometimes 85 hours a month. Tomorrow he and Steve will be at work with voltage meters and such chasing down those elusive bugs that have kept us from such necessities as the barbecue grill. One relay is particularly suspect. It may have a faint hum. Later, he and Steve will learn that there were no bugs; they just had not yet mastered the system. Chuck says hosing off salt is a constant chore.

Steve has another go at the electrical system.

I did a little of that at the Crestview Marina last night and begged for more time to be thorough. But Chuck said only twenty more seconds; we all needed to be at Frenchie's for grouper burgers right now. Hosing is satisfying; nothing like recruiting a Sunday School teacher. One just begins at the topmost point. There can never be too much water because we have already paid for it by the so many dollars a foot for the night's stay. A solid stream for coming down the pipes holding the bimini canopy, then go for a wide spray on decks and sides, the pleasure is that hosing is a one-step process, no sudsing, drying or polishing need follow. Whoosh, and the salt is off.

Chase has fixed the radar! If an object is dead-a-head it will show at twelve, not nine, o'clock. All of us congratulate this really so decent eleven-year-old. He gets the spirit and says himself, "I'm smart! I'm smart!" He is, and also self-possessed and modest. What a joy to be around him. We say, "How'd you do it?"

"See, I clicked on Menu, then decided to click on Mode, then by double clicks got the line straight up and down." Or, he said something close to that.

Now we see condominiums to starboard. It is remarked that that not one of us has ever traveled so far in one day in a boat, 250 miles. Chuck enters familiar waters, leaving the main channel for the markers into the Sandestin Marina. As the throttles are brought to neutral beside the home slip, the disc of the sun is halfway below the cloudless horizon. Right on the money. We back in. This is routine for the other men but still fresh for me. I ask for my orders to be repeated. Steve is on the bow, Rob amidships on the starboard, and I in the same position on port. We each have two lines looped at one end. As the first piling comes to me I throw a loop over it and walk the line to the bow, handing it off to Steve. Rob does the same. Steve cleats the lines and keeps a ten



sion as we walk back amidships to loop our second lines over the next pilings and walk the lines to the next cleat toward the stern. Crossed stern lines are attached and we are in. There are handshakes all around.

As I join the others on the dock, I grab the chrome guardrail to help myself over the starboard side. My thumb slips into a small dimple on the underside of the rail, it just fits.

"Chuck, a little bad news. That bowsprit did do some damage." Chuck, Steve, and Rob all run their thumbs across the dent.

"No problem, we can fix it," says Chuck, though I can see he is not happy to accept a less than perfect delivery.

I later learn that Chuck canvassed the Florida Seaboard for somebody to fix it. He simply would not consider buying a new rail. The thing was a unit about 40' long. You could buy a small car for what it costs. But nobody wanted to fix it, probably didn't know how. Chuck greased up a socket from a socket wrench, slipped it in the tube and banged away on a flexible cable inserted after it. Out popped the dimple and the socket remains in there forever.

ever.

Immediately, the demands of the shore push in. Chase wants to be at Shalimar Methodist Church at 6:30pm for a laser gun party.

"Chase, will it be at church?" I ask.

"No, we meet at church then go to the place."

"Do you just gather there or are you in a church group?" That is what I'm getting at.

"I'm in MYF. We go inside, do some stuff, learn some Bible verses, then go to the laser gun place. Dad, I need \$12."

I am pleased about MYF. As for the laser guns, they are no worse than the flour battles I played in Scouts. Back then you threw small bags of flour at each other in the dark woods. People with white spots were dead.

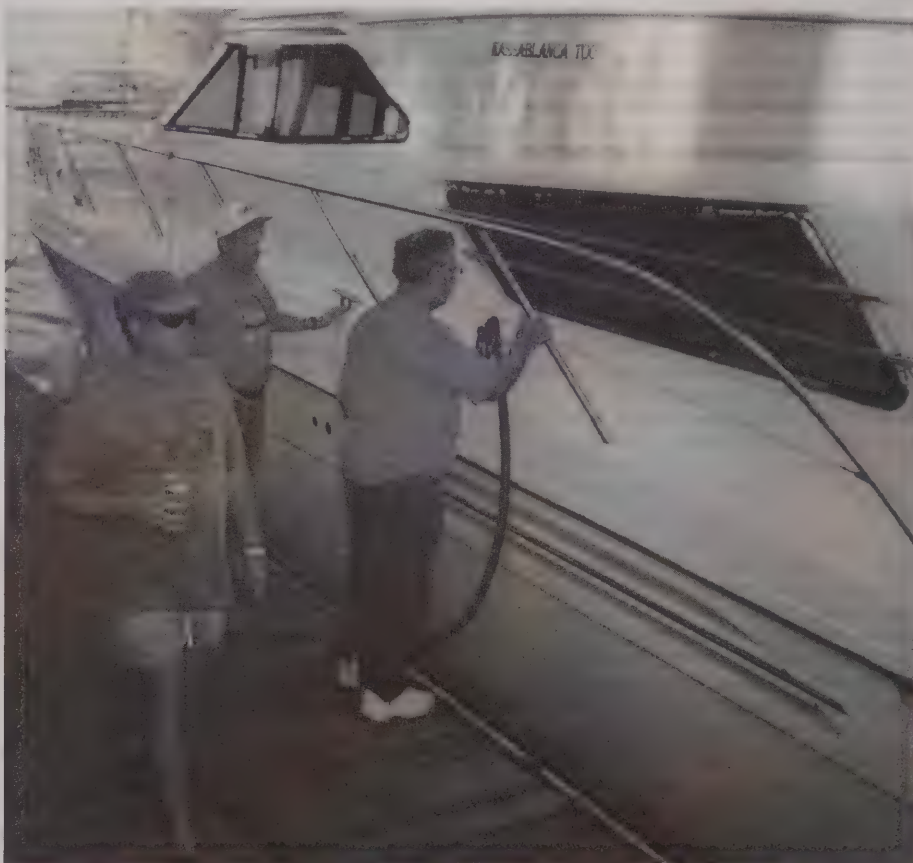
Chuck's wife Jane, reached from offshore by cell phone, is on the way with the family's van. Rob and I will spend the night at the Hudspeth house and go home tomorrow. Chase helpfully pulled a cart of luggage down the long pier to the parking area, but has not returned for the second load as he was requested to do. Chuck correctly guesses that

Washing off the salt, regular "maintenance" on this yacht.

he is so anxious to see his mom arrive in time to transport him to church that he is oblivious to what he has been told.

Chuck's job on *Kassablanca Too* includes a self-imposed tension. As he sees it, the owner is owed a perfectly operating boat and, while he is aboard, a smooth ride, a spotless interior, good cheer, good food and faith in the captain. The owner is also owed freedom from making any decisions about how all this is achieved. Chuck has placed himself between that expectation and this luxurious, complex machine.

Kassablanca Too is home, resting equidistant from the pilings that outline her berth. The 800hp Man diesels which have growled at 1,800rpm this long day are quiet. Tomorrow Steve and Chuck will return to the circuits and begin the cleanup process. This Viking has one of those plug-in-the hose internal vacuum cleaners. The boat will be on exterior current, and the engines will not have to be powered up for vacuuming. But Chuck will run the engines almost every day, as he says, "because they like it."







COM-PAC
 14' Picnic Cat
 17' Sun Cat
 Other models
 in stock

FERNALD'S MARINE
 On the River Parker
 Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
 (978) 465-0312

PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
 15' C.B.
 16'-'' B.K.
 18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE
 Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
 (978) 465-0312

WESTON FARMER
 BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
 18970 AZURE ROAD, WYZATA, MN 55391 (612) 473-2360

While waiting for winter to end, I decided to build a small sailing boat. So I got on the Internet and discovered a whole world of information about building small boats! Soon I was exchanging email with builders of all types and designs boats. One of the most loyal groups of builders were building or had built boats designed by Phil Bolger.

His designs of simple small boats were just what I was seeking. What could be smaller and easier to build than the Bolger designed 6-1/2' Tortoise? Construction articles on the Tortoise have been amply covered in past issues of *MAIB*. Great construction detail was also set forth in Harold H. Payson's book *Build the New Instant Boats*.

After reading Payson's article on building the Tortoise, and looking at the Tortoise plans in his book, I thought a master boat builder like myself didn't need any addition details, so why spend money on the larger plans. After all I had once build a model boat and a sandbox for my children, and the Tortoise looked very much like a sandbox! In fact, I believe Payson states in his book that Bolger once considered naming the little boat Sand-box. Now, based upon my experiences, my only words of advice to anyone wishing to build the Tortoise, or any boat, is BUY THE BOAT PLANS! After starting construction, I was soon on the Internet, asking daily questions about measurements from those Tortoise builders who had bought the plans!

During construction I made a few changes in the Tortoise's design. Heck, if I'm not smart enough to buy the plans, do you really believe I'd be smart enough not to change Bolger's design? The actual changes I made consisted of moving the mast from the side of the boat to the center of the boat, and adding decking to the bow to reinforce the new mast location. In addition, I made a two piece swing rudder to make beaching the boat easier. A small push rod raises and lowers the lower rudder blade.

After playing with the Tortoise at a local pond to learn if it would safely carry the weight of my short but heavy body, I thought it was time to see how well it would sail on a larger body of water. Now in Oklahoma the largest body of water is Lake Eufaula located in the eastern part of the state. This manmade lake consists of 143,000 acres of surface water and 600 miles of shoreline. Seemed like a suitable place to test *Piglet's* seaworthiness! I had named the little boat *Piglet*. The reason I named it *Piglet* has now faded from my mind since I'm no longer breathing epoxy fumes

Tortoise Piglet Does Lake Eufaula

By Bill Nolen

every day!

After hauling *Piglet* to Belle Starr, our favorite Corp of Engineers campground located on the north shore of the lake, I had to wait for two days for the wind to die down to a manageable level. I may be dumb but I don't have a death wish. The annual daily wind average in Oklahoma is 15mph! There are very few days when the wind is less than 15mph, so I have often wondered if the wind figures are somewhat adjusted to fool us natives into believing trees everywhere grow up leaning at a 45 degree angle!

After placing *Piglet* in the water I placed the leeboard, rudder and mast into place. Then I thought I'd test the flotation with a quick capsizing drill. Okay, so the boat capsized when I tried to climb into it! That was okay because I'd wanted to test the flotation of the boat but had never got around to it! The flotation foam under the bow and stern decking worked just great. At least *Piglet* didn't sink. After some time spent bailing water I was ready to start *Piglet's* maiden voyage.

Raising the lateen sail, and lowering the leeboard and rudder blade, I was soon away from the beach and heading out into the lake. My wife Donna was soon following in our pontoon boat. As she has said many times, she had little faith in my boat building ability, none in my sailing ability, and further more she didn't have enough life insurance on me! Ahh, those people with so little faith!

Actually, the little boat sailed quite well once I got my weight properly distributed. This is not so easy in such a cramped space, with old knees that don't like being folded in one position for too long. Before long I was on a broad reach crossing the large entrance to the Belle Starr Marina. Luckily, there were only two powerboats entering the Marina, and those dropped their speed so their wakes weren't too great a problem, just bounced me around a bit. I guess that it looked worse then it felt, because Donna soon came alongside to ask if I was okay.

I think the powerboats slowed down just to get a better look at *Piglet* and me. Few sailboats are seen in the northern area of Lake

Eufaula and certainly never one as small as a Tortoise! Most sailboat activity on Lake Eufaula is centered at the Eufaula Cove and Marina, on the East Side of the town of Eufaula.

Soon I was nearing the Sandy Point, which marked the large inlet leading to Carr Creek. Rounding the point I had my first and only problem. I was looking down into the boat (trying to adjust my aching knees) and failed to notice the jug line float in front of *Piglet*! The plastic bottle serving as a float just bounced off the front of the boat, but the heavy line, with the baited hooks caught the leeboard and *Piglet* was jerked to the right quite strongly! However, I was lucky and the line slipped under the leeboard and I was able to get the boat back on course. Of course, Donna had seen the whole thing! Thank goodness, she had forgotten to bring the camera!

Deciding that I had had enough fun for one afternoon, I reversed course and headed back to the campground. Upon nearing the beach I keep asking myself... should I now raise the leeboard? Should I now raise the rudder? Now, I know that landlocked lakes don't have tides, but I swear that the tide had gone out and the water was much lower. Because, of course the leeboard dug into the sand and we came to a sudden stop!

The next few days were perfect sailing weather for a small boat. I made several trips to Sandy Point, up to the mouth of Carr Creek, and once out to the center of the lake when conditions were very nice with a slight south breeze and few waves. As I gain experience with *Piglet* I am very glad that I chose to build such a nice little boat. Even though Donna still won't sail with me! Well, maybe someday. Hmm, now where next shall *Piglet* and I go to sail?

Postscript: Shortly after sailing *Piglet* at Lake Eufaula a too-good-of-a-deal came my way and I acquired a 1978 West Wight Potter 14 Sailboat, which looks like a yacht compared to my little *Piglet*!

I firmly believe all boats, small and large, have souls and whose feelings are easily hurt. So I carefully explained to *Piglet* that it was only because of my old damaged knees that I had bought a larger boat! She seemed to accept that with great dignity. My wife said she thought *Piglet* was just thankful that I wasn't going to take her out in the middle of Lake Eufaula any more!

In honor of little *Piglet* I named the newly acquired WW Potter 14...what else but *Piglet* 2!

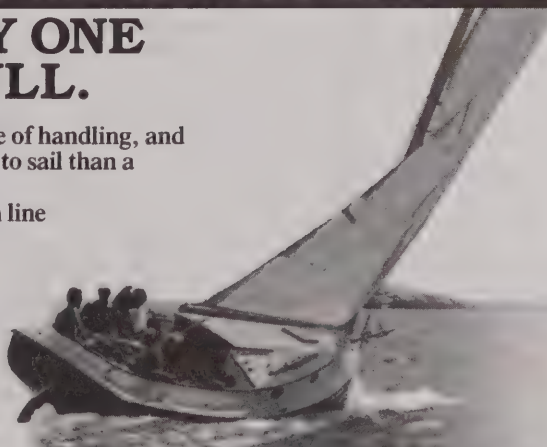
THERE'S ONLY ONE STRING TO PULL.

When you consider the stability, ease of handling, and sail trimming, there's nothing easier to sail than a Marshall Catboat.

Daysail, race or cruise, the bottom line is this: 29 years and 1,400 common sense boats go into each and every rugged Marshall built.

For more about our boat building philosophy, write or call for our fully illustrated catalog.

www.marshallcat.com



For More Info About Our

☐ 15' ☐ 18' ☐ 22'

Name _____

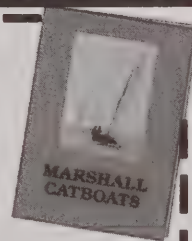
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Marshall Marine Corp.

Box P-266, Dept. #49

So. Dartmouth, MA 02748 (508) 994-0414





The Launch of the Dred Pirate Ship, *Niblet*

By Sarah Fisher

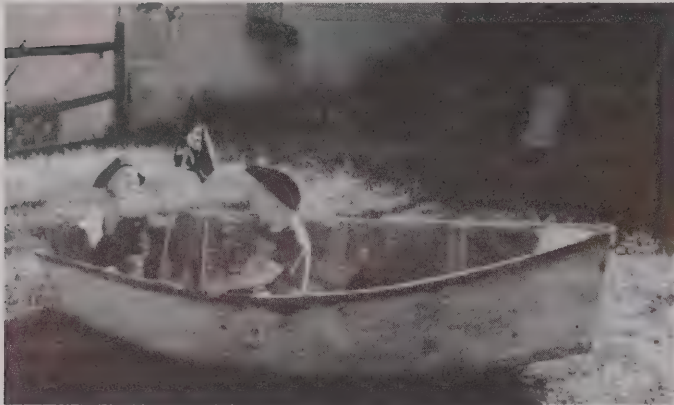
Aaah, me 'earties, listen up whilst I tell yer a tale that'll warm yer 'eart and shiver yer timbers!

She started life as a fisherman's skiff but fate weren't kind! Some'ow 'er master let 'er go and she grounded, a sorry wreck upon the shore.

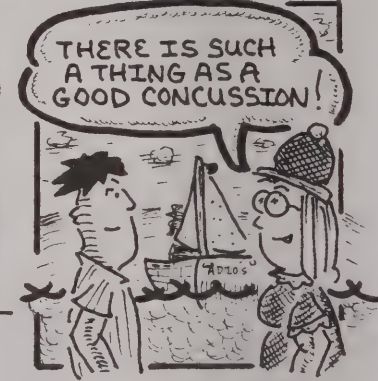
Walkin' the wrak line, scoutin' for likely flotsam, we spotted 'er shapely hull, 'alf hidden tho' it were midst weed and grass.

Nuttin', we says, that a little plywood, some epoxy and TLC won't cure! The new crew liked 'er well and after sea trials she were christened with a name to match her size and shape, the dred pirate ship *Niblet* she became!

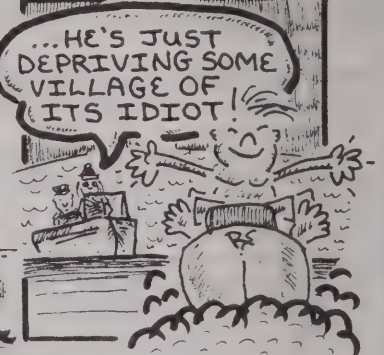
Launched upon an inland sea she dreams of tropic waters and fat merchantmen, low down with gold and jools!

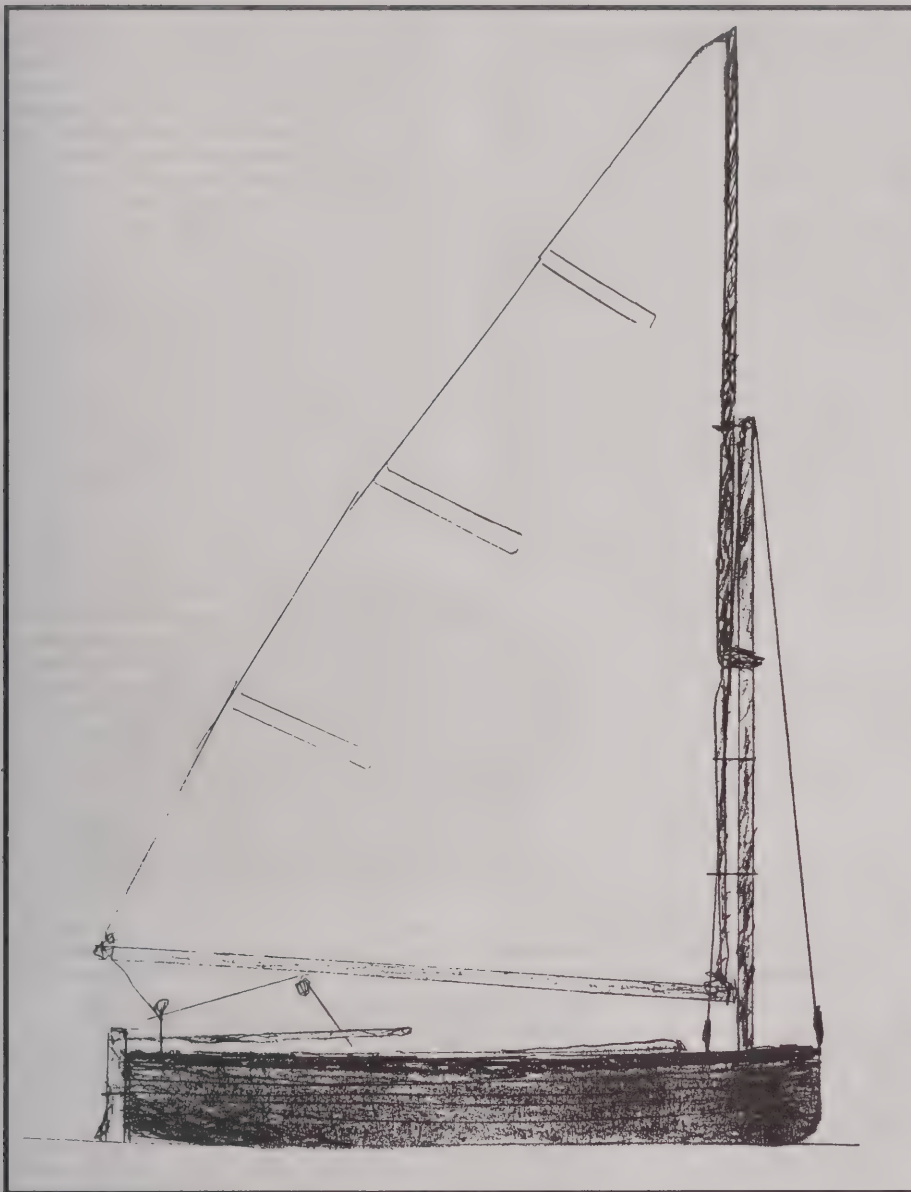


SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers



SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers





After a very successful season of racing *Venture*, Don Holder and I weren't looking forward to the winter. In our latitude that means 8 months of non-sailing weather, when the river system is getting ready to freeze, is frozen, or is breaking up! That's a long time for a couple of teen aged boys to go without sailing, even if they have an order to build a Snipe for delivery in the spring. So we weren't looking forward to a winter with no sailing! However, we were going to build the Snipe in the sail loft, that and the fact that Don had a gaff rigged 14' lapstrake catboat called *Black Cat*, rang a bell!

The loft was at 100 Water Street, with a small deserted slip 100 yards down the street, off the harbour. So, we trucked the Cat to the slip, stored her upside down on the wharf, and put her rig in the loft. If you think this was a poor place to store a dinghy, just remember it was 1937 and it was not unusual to find barrels of molasses and kerosene, bags of flour and beans, and boxes of tinned goods, piled up on South Wharf, waiting to be loaded into schooners to go to outlying ports. As well, a 24' sailboat, belonging to Mr. Whelply, was stored on the wharf where the Cat was going.

Looking Back...

By Bill Gamblin

Winter Sail On Black Cat

I was interested in buying that boat for \$50, but I lost interest when I heard about her history of bad leaks around the centreboard box!

We were all set to go sailing when conditions were suitable. That's the problem, conditions were seldom suitable! A suitable sailing day would have to be clear and sunny, to make it bearable for sailing, with a light breeze, cause we didn't want any capsizing with the water so cold that there would be barber on the harbour some mornings, and if possible, high tide in the middle of the day. Doesn't sound too bad? Well, when you take off school days, that leaves the weekends, and we had terrible weekends!

When February arrived we were getting discouraged, and willing to widen our definition of a suitable day by a quite a bit. But it was the middle of February before a Saturday

dawned that was suitable except for the tide which was low when we wanted high! We were down to the loft early, picked up the rig and about 60' of 12 thread Manilla rope and were off to the slip. Incidentally, 12 thread rope refers to a 3 strand rope with 4 threads of Manilla in each strand, it was a common way to refer to rope by specifying Manilla rope as 6, 9 or 12 thread. 12 thread was about 9/16" diameter.

When we got to the slip the tide was low. No, that should be LOW, because this was Saint John Harbour and the least difference between low and high water is about 25'! As a matter of fact my father was the accountant for a firm at 14 North Wharf on Market Slip. Occasionally a freighter of several thousand tons would moor at North Wharf at high tide. At low tide, work would be done on the bottom, which would otherwise require an expensive stop at the drydock!

We were at the slip, but the tide was low, which meant a greasy and slippery, but, fortunately, not soft, expanse of mud, 50 yards wide to the harbour's water! Launching, which at high water would mean launching the Cat straight into the slip, meant passing a turn of 12 thread around her, so she wouldn't be hanging on her bow cleat alone, and easing her over the edge of the wharf! With a turn around a bollard we lowered her, followed by her rig. We climbed down a ladder and eased the Cat down from her perch on her transom, and got her rigged, before sliding her down towards the water's edge.

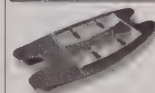
The slope steepened, she almost escaped from us and with Don and I scrambling into the cockpit, she bounced into the harbour, with the tide sweeping her sideways at a tremendous rate! In no time we were racing past the waterfront, past Reed's Point Wharf, and the Refinery Wharf and were spat out into Courtney Bay, where the current slowed enough that the light breeze began to have some effect. We started sailing!

We sailed around the bay for a while, then, after the the current eased, we sailed out into the harbour and then into the Bay of Fundy. After a while we saw something in the distance, coming up on the incoming tide. As it closed us it was the 3 masted schooner, *Frederick P. Elkins*. She looked as though she was barely moving, but she came up and passed us and was moored up long before we had made our way past Partridge Island.

The breeze was dying as we got into the Navy Island eddy, which was getting stronger now that high water had passed. When we were far enough up towards Navy Island, we cut across the harbour to our slip, where we hauled the Cat out in the light from a street lamp. That was the end of our sail for that weekend, and as it turned out, for the winter, because we didn't have another day which could be called "suitable"!

COME TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

CAMPANOE.COM



TOLL FREE 1.888.865.3688

200 POUNDS
OF SMART, PORTABLE
AND AFFORDABLE
FUN.

After reading all that, what about a sailboat?

A sailing dinghy is the best kind. It doesn't cost anything to operate, lets you do your business with dignity in hot weather and there is nothing that can go wrong with it that can't be fixed anywhere. All the other rules apply, like lightness, seaworthiness and seakindliness, ability to plane under tow, but in addition, a sailboat needs to be shallow draft (just a few inches unless you like to wade on rocky bottoms and busted bottles). The whole sail rig needs to be quick to snatch down and stow in the boat so that you can get your oars and row.

I can't emphasize this enough. Rowing a sailboat against an unexpected squall with the mast up is almost impossible. The main reason to have a sailing dinghy with the rig stowed inside is that it is nice to be able to sail away when you have to abandon ship at sea with nothing but a jug of water and a crust of bread. There is another real advantage to having a sailing dinghy. Any fool can operate a motorboat at least some of the time but a good sailor speaks well of himself in any language to anybody. It is pitiful how stupid the average Gringo cruiser looks. I fly the Portuguese flag.

Any other little tidbits? Sure, a bunch of them.

Foredeck. A nice sturdy foredeck with a little door under it is nice. You can stand on it to board the big boat and you can stow stuff out of sight and out of the sun. Don't lock the little door. If somebody wants to see what is in there, you will have to fix it back as well as get new PFDs and the other junk, besides, you might forget to unlock it when you get underway and it is undignified to be fumbling for your keys while your boat is sinking (or trying to sneak them out to unlock the cubbyhole before the Marine Patrol gets all the way alongside).

I like the foredeck to be recessed down from the rail a couple of inches so that things won't fall in the water (things like you or your loved ones). Some kind of good nonskid is necessary. I like sacrificial slats of unpainted wood lightly super glued to the paint of the foredeck. That gives a good toehold for casting net work, and doesn't abrade the things that you are transferring like that sandy non-skid paint does. We don't use tape style adhesive backed stuff anymore because it gets skinned up when it is hot so easily and that exposes the sticky adhesive and makes a mess.

Floorboards. Good sturdy unpainted and unvarnished floorboards are essential. The segments should be small enough so that they are easy to stow when you have to take them out to bail. You should be able to bail while the other person rows without the floorboards getting in the way of either. At least one section needs to be high enough so that the grocery bags can stay out of the bilgewater when the squall hits.

Towing eye. You need a good one, those little eyebolts through the stem aren't any good. A dinghy snatches hard on its towing eye all the time. Once it gets the tiniest bit loose (which is inevitable with anything that is fastened by a bolt through anything as elastic as wood or as easily abraded as fiberglass) it will work around until it has enlarged the hole or eaten up the bolt. Eventually, it'll come loose. Then (what with the circumstances of boat and weather that brought on the straw that broke....) you are in a fix. I was on a boat with

Dinghies

Part 3

By Robb White

a man who had worn his tow eye hole out so big by gradually adding larger diameter washers as the eye wore through that he finally pulled a pair of big rusty box end wrenches clear through the stem.

We like for the towing eye to be built into the boat so that it can never work loose. The position is important as well. You want it to be just as close to the water as it can get without dipping and flinging water up the stem into your eyes with every wave in normal operation. I don't know what it is about towing eyes but they throw a lot more water than it looks like they ought to. Towing eye position is a tricky thing because if you get it too high, when the dinghy yaws with a following sea, the correcting snatch of the towline will try to pull the near gunwale under, and a lightly loaded dinghy will turn over with just the slightest sideways pull from high up on the stem, especially if it has an outboard on it. Our dinghies have a bullet-proof bushing athwartships through the stem way down almost to the waterline for a removable shackle.

Stem shape. The stem on any boat needs to be sharp. If you watch the bow of a dinghy when it is being towed, you can see just why. Any little flat or even broadly rounded place at the cutwater will peel a narrow strip of water up the stem. These irritating few drops of water flying over the bow when it isn't rough enough to warrant it can get on your nerves. A fine bow just plain throws less water than a flat or fat stem. A loaded pram can be a real revelation. I like a sharp stem and a hollow forefoot myself.

Boat cover, towing downwind. A good dinghy with a canvas cover tightly attached will tow through a lot without causing trouble. About the only problem you can have with such a rig on a hundred feet of line is when the wind changes and gets behind you. Then you need to take that hundred feet of line to the stern of the dinghy and let it drag in a bight by the transom handles or the rudder gudgeons. Then the dinghy will stop yawing all over the ocean and trying to come into the cockpit with you.

Always take the engine off a dinghy when you tow downwind. Even with a bight of line dragging astern, the irregular snatches of out of sync waves will snatch the dinghy from side to side. An engine tilted up on the transom influences the stability a lot. You could tilt the engine down to lower the center of gravity and make a little more drag, but then there is the risk of something happening to wiggle it so that it steers the boat all the way to one side or the other, or even first one side and then the other. I have towed a dinghy for many many miles going to windward and even reaching with the engine on it without mishap even when the weather was bad, but it seems like every time I get lazy and leave the engine on there going downwind, I wind up doing the ritual dismantle-and-rinse project after the boat capsizes.

Even if it's not rough, a cover is good. Once we sailed slowly all the way down the

west coast of Florida in a miserable drizzle. Somehow the weather just never let up but the wind was fair and we just kept on. It seemed like I had to bail the damned dinghy every ten minutes. Why are boats such rain magnets? How is it that a boat can wind up with a foot of water in it from a half inch of rain? The best stuff for a boat cover is acrylic. Don't be tempted to use vinyl coated nylon, it is heavy and keeps inside of the boat wet.

It is possible to build a double bottom into a boat and fill the space between with foam so that you can leave the transom drain out all the time you are towing the boat, but those two bottoms and all that foam makes the boat heavy. If you don't believe that polyurethane foam is heavy, pick up two gallon cans of it and remember that makes only eight cubic feet. The best flotation is an easily opened, almost empty watertight compartment under the stern seat and two PFDs secured under the foredeck.

Drain plugs. They need to be where they will do the most good. Pure displacement boats need drainplugs too even if the run is high enough so they won't normally drain out of the transom. A flush mount, screw in, garboard plug in the lowest place works fine even if it is in the plank keel like ours usually are. For a transom drain plug, I like the inch and a quarter model best. The drain plug isn't so you can plane around until the water runs out but so you can take it out when you leave your boat high and dry, so when the clouds get low and wet, the water can run out and not fill the boat up and press the rocks up into it quite so bad. A twelve foot dinghy can accumulate a hell of a weight of water in just a few minutes in a thunderstorm. Keep a plastic bucket in the boat for the plastic trash you pick up so it won't hide under the floorboards and stop up the hole when it rains.

Fenders and rub rails. You might want to drag a fender over the bow of the dinghy so people will know that you expect to hit hard and will be able to give you a wide berth. You might like those big mildewed canvas rubrails that distort the lines of the dinghy and rot the gunwale. Me I like the plain wood style rail. Anything that they can do to my old sailboat is of no consequence. I have noticed that plain wood rails don't harm precious gelcoat (that's an oxymoron for you) much more than those canvas style sausages do anyway.

Plain wood scuffs the paint off wood boats, but so does everything else. If you feel like you need to add something, probably the best rubrail is old black plastic pipe, heated by the sun, slit and snapped over the regular rail of the dinghy. This stuff doesn't accumulate sand and water like the canvas kind and drains well so that it doesn't cause rot. It also has a kind of squooshiness to it that absorbs the licks a little, and it is indestructible alongside docks with oysters and bolt heads sticking out.

If you really want to avoid skinning up the boat and battering the dinghy, good seamanship and ready hands are best. Somehow, it seems to me, excessive display of fenders and their like is undignified. There is a class of sailboat down here that we call the "two fender Hunter". They always have the first half of the roller reefed jib aback and those two fenders always deployed, one roughly horizontal and the other dragging in the water as a speed indicator for that good running motor. We steer clear.

What about accessories? Leave them off. Don't put built-in storage compartments (to be broken into), rod holders (to catch the painter and turn the boat over), little pouches for the handheld VHF or the GPS (to snag the fishing line), not even a built-in compass. Keep all that in a bag which can go with you when you leave. All these things add the kind of weight that can't be carried separately from the boat, and they all get in the way when you don't need them. Besides, it is improper to advertise your dependence on trinkets in places where people have a hard time scratching up the necessities. If you want to doll something up, get a metalflake fiberglass bass boat and stay home. Accessorizing voids our lifetime warranty

Care and upkeep. This is the final word. What you need to do is do your best to wear this dinghy out. Use it until it is worn fuzzy. It is not good for a dinghy to be left waiting too

long. We have kept up with a list of damages to our own dinghy and the boats we have built for others and many more of the things on the list have happened while the boat was not being used. Things like warping on the trailer while being used as a storage container for a whole set of spare tires mounted on wheels, holes drilled under the rail by carpenter bees, damaged paint from being too close to the charcoal grill, being hit by falling junk in the carport and tree limbs outside, raining full of water on the trailer, then tipping up, dumping enough of the water out over the transom to make the whole rig fall back and fill up with water again... repeatedly for months like one of those toy drinking birds.

On our own dinghy, we have had stains in the paint from rotten pears accumulating in the boat, bullet holes from no telling where, skinned paint from junk that the lawn mower ran over and threw at it, being run over by a

big durn van (tore the trailer all to pieces, straightened one of the hooks on the tie down strap, and bent one of the transom handles on the boat and took the axle out from under the trailer).

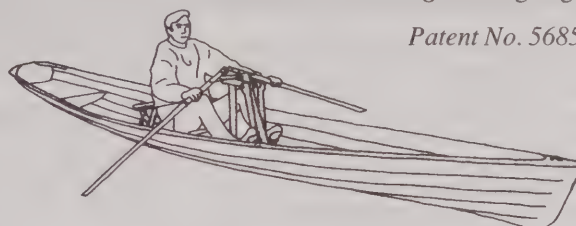
About the only damage we have had from using the boat has been a little wear on the paint and fiberglass sheathing back by the transom, a few scratches from the sharp rocks of the Bahamas (I believe that every single rock in the Bahamas is sharp. I am in the middle of a survey), a few skinned places inside from heavy junk we salvaged up from the bottom, a nice fuzz of the rubrail all around, for looks, and a certain chalkiness of the white paint to mark the clothing of the inhabitants so we can tell who belongs to us. None of those things do anything but endear the boat to us. As a matter of fact, I am feeling so endeared, I think I'll go out there and throw those damned rotten pears out right this minute.



Easy to use. Powerful. High quality exercise.

FRONT-ROWER *Forward Facing* Rowing Rig.

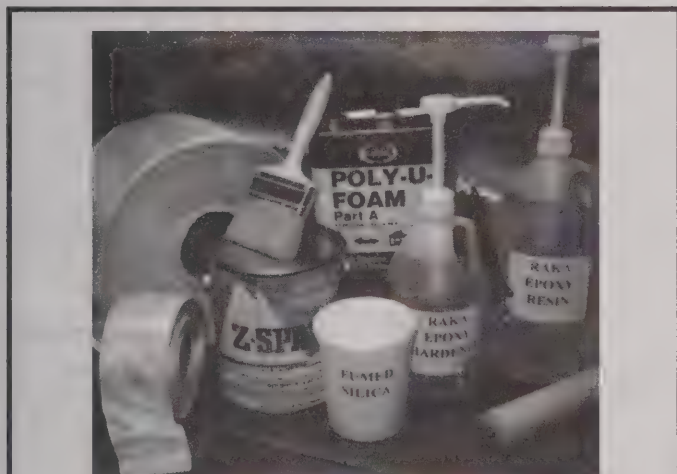
Patent No. 5685750



Send \$1 for brochure of \$5 for video.

Ron Rantilla
30 Cutler Street
Warren, RI 02885

401-247-1482
www.frontrower.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory include smany weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday, but calls are welcome seven days a week until 10pm. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA, INC.

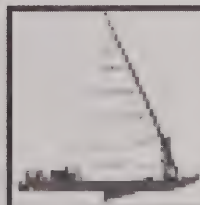
41 No. Congress Ave. #8B, Delray Beach, FL 33445
Ph. (561) 279-8929 - Fax (561) 279-2539
www.raka.com



DORITA

Build a scale model, then build the boat. Complete plans and instructions for building this 11' - 6" plywood and fiberglass rowing mini-dory PLUS a laser-cut basswood kit so you can build a 1" = 1' scale model to see how the boat is built before making a major commitment.

Only \$29.75 plus \$3.50 postage. (U. S. & Canada)



Ted Jones'
Gundalow Boat Shop
603 Brown's Ridge Road
Ossipee, NH 03854
e-mail: laj@worldpath.net



A homecoming of sorts occurred in Peshtigo, Minnesota on Monday, November 12. An old resident came back for the first time in over 60 years. It was around 1937 that Thompson Boat Mfg. Company shipped an 18' sailboat, a Sea Gull Cabin, to Otter Tail Lake in western Minnesota. Attorney Cy Field of Fergus Falls purchased the sailboat and enjoyed it for many years. After his death a decade ago, the boat was sold at his estate auction to Jack Amdal of the Twin Cities area. Amdal intended to restore the boat and use it

Oldtimer Returns Home

From the *Peshtigo Times*

on Lake Minnetonka. He started stripping the hull of her many layers of paint but the project got put aside.

In comes Andreas J. Rhude, a Thompson boat enthusiast, to rescue the boat from a slow, undignified death. He recently obtained the boat and brought it "home" to Peshtigo, where it was "born" those many years ago.

Rhude intends to restore the tired boat to her original glory, but he has several other boats lined up to be restored before the Sea Gull. The sailboat will be tucked away in protective storage at Sentinel Structures, Inc. in Peshtigo. Rhude estimates it will be several years before he can tackle this latest project.

The Sea Gull is one of a number of sailboat models made by Thompson of Peshtigo during the 1930s through the early 1950s. Thompson did not design any of the sailboats they made; William F. Crosby, a noted naval architect, designed the Sea Gull model.

Rhude, of Minneapolis, was instrumental in organizing last summer's first ever Thompson Antique and Classic Boat Rally. It was held at Nestegg Marine in Marinette. The second annual Rally will take place Aug. 9-11, 2002, again at Nestegg.

The dimensions, material and finish of the Cabin Sea Gull were exactly the same as the regular Sea Gull except that it had a cuddy cabin and genoa jib furnished as regular equipment. The mainsail had an area of 131sf and the genoa jib had an area of 59sf, giving it a total sail area of 190sf. The aft end of the cabin was open the entire width of the cockpit, but a bulkhead with a door on each side of the center board trunk could be put in for \$20 extra. The length was 18', width 7', depth 27" and the price was \$460.

It was a fast boat with exceptionally good sailing qualities and so well balanced that it has been sailed (with the weight of the passengers properly distributed) for a quarter of

an hour, without touching the tiller. It has been tested out under all sorts of conditions and was a real boat. It skimmed along nicely in light airs and not only stood up stiff in a strong wind but was so seaworthy that it was not necessary to reef the sail in blows as bad as are likely to occur on waters where boats of this size were used. One Sea Gull negotiated a voyage from an inland lake in the state of New York to Miami, Fla., using only the sail most all of the way.

Stem, frame and chine were made of selected white oak. The planking was selected cedar, 13/16" thick. Mahogany was used for fenders and trim. The deck boards were cedar, covered with canvas. The canvas was filled and finished with deck paint in the customary manner. Good strong deck beams were used and the occupants of the boat could walk around freely on the deck, without fear of breaking the deck beams. The inside of the boat was painted lead color. The deck was finished buff color or sea green. The outside of the hull was finished with marine white. The fenders, trim, seats and floor were finished in the natural wood. All screws, nails and deck hardware were hot dipped galvanized or cadmium plated.

The modern marconi sloop rig had a hollow mast 23'6" long, above the deck, and a T-shaped boom. Hot dipped galvanized blocks were used throughout. Galvanized aeroplane wire was used for stays and shrouds (aeroplane wire did not stretch and could be kept as tight as a fiddle string).

If the boat was to be used in salt water all fastenings were copper or brass. The deck hardware and blocks were brass or bronze, instead of galvanized. The extra charge for this version was \$20.

If the boat was to be used in shallow water a pivot type rudder was fitted, made so that the blade of the rudder would swing up if it ran aground or struck an obstruction. With this rudder the boat could be sailed in water about 10" deep. The price of a pivot type rudder for the Sea Gull, if ordered separately, was \$12, if ordered instead of the straight rudder (included as standard equipment), the extra charge was \$6. A genoa jib, which increased the sail area 25sf, furnished instead or the regular jib was \$12 extra.

Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium 4

Saturday August 17, 2002

9:00 AM-4:00 PM

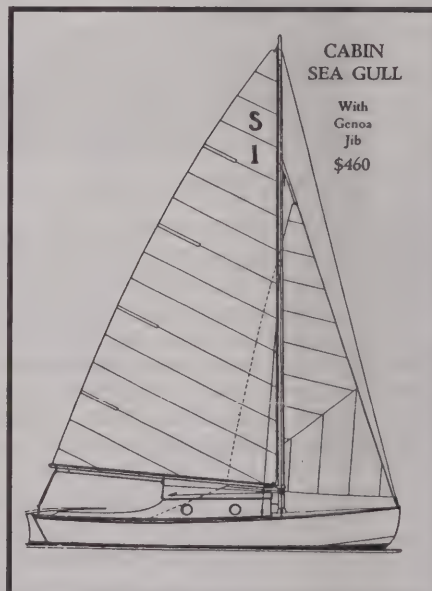
Haithco Recreation Area
Saginaw, Michigan

Open to small wooden boats of all
types-boat building seminars &
demonstrations-boat raffle & door
prizes

Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders' Website:
www.gougeon.com/GLSCS/
Information: (989) 686-3663
e-mail: coats@cris.com

Immortalize your boat in
an original oil painting.
Our artists will create an
heirloom to be cherished
forever. Simply supply a
photograph of your boat
and we will do the rest.
Risk free ordering, pay
nothing until you approve
your proof. Special club
pricing available.

The Design Works Gallery
toll free 877-732-6245
www.BoatPortraitStudio.com





I wonder if mine is the first Simmons 18 built in Scotland? The motor is a long shaft Yamaha four stroke 25. Fitting it was not without its problems, specifically with the outboard well due to the size of the outboard. I suppose I should have checked the dimensions of the outboard but I was probably so intent on building the boat that I overlooked that particular detail. Three inches extra width in the well would definitely be an advantage. Some of the other modifications I've done include these.

I cut away the shaped sides of the outboard well. I had to angle the new sides to allow the engine the full turning amount.

I decided I wanted a flush transom on the inside so I covered over the timber frames with 1/4" plywood glassed.

I decided against the timber side frames, instead I fitted domestic pipe insulation, (foam tubes), at similar centres to the timber frames, from the gunnels right down to the keel. Glassed over in GRP these make absolutely rigid frames at an extremely light weight.

The boat planking is 1/4" ply totally glassed over on the inside (GRP matting and polyester resin finished with the grey polyester topcoat). Outside, (above the garboard), plywood planking is coated with polyester resin then finished with top-coat, then painted with two-part fiberglass paint (should be pretty abrasion resistant with that lot!!). The lapstrake joints are all epoxied. The bottom up to the

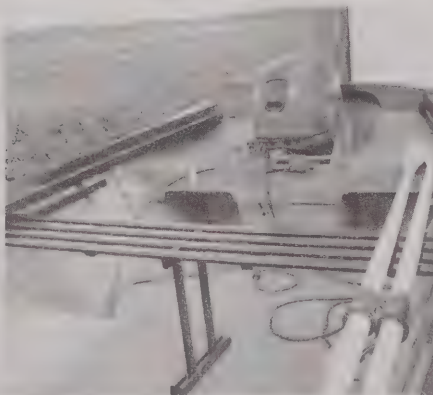
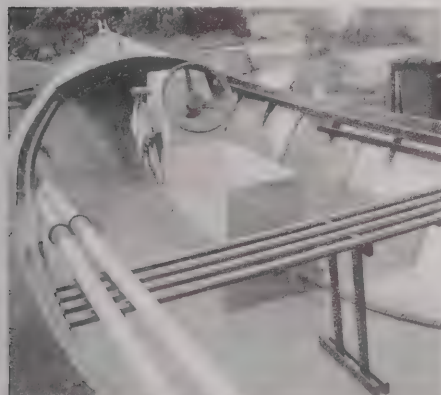
Scottish Simmons Sea Skiff

By Alex MacLeod (To Dave Carnell)

garboard is GRP cloth in resin and coated like the sides.

The floor is completely sealed with two layers of GRP matting in polyester resin and finished with grey topcoat. The underfloor compartment is completely filled with polystyrene for buoyancy. Gunnels are framed out in plywood and covered in fiberglass cloth, pretty rigid but a few air bubble/wrinkles still need to be sanded away. Carried the gunnel width across the transom (saw this on a picture of the Simmons 20 and really liked it).

Added two stringers (can't think of the correct boat building term!) just below the gunnels for tying fender ropes etc. Fitting rowlocks for oars, in addition to sea-angling I work a few lobster pots and need to be able to lift the engine and row into the narrow creeks between the reefs to get the best lobster areas! I did add a fourth plank, hasn't spoiled the lines and gives that little bit more freeboard. Impatiently waiting to get afloat, but I want to be sure absolutely everything is ready before she gets wet!



ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now in our 11th season!

**Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?**

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
will bring you 40 pages
monthly all about sea
kayaking, 10 times a year
(March through December)

**All this for only \$22
(10 issues)!**

Like to see a sample issue?
Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

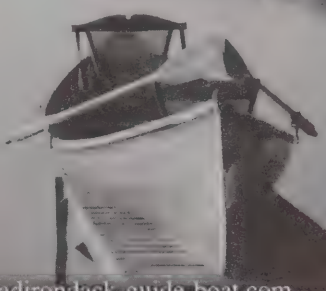
State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$22 payable to:
Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

ADIRONDACK
GUIDE BOAT

PO 144
Charlotte, VT
05445
802 425-3926

Fast.
Light.
Seaworthy.
Beautiful.
Cedar or Kevlar.
Kits. Classes



www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

THE ATLANTIC CHALLENGE FOUNDATION

home of the *Rockland Apprenticeship*



- ◆ Wooden boatbuilding, renovations and restoration.
- ◆ One and six-week boatbuilding classes.
- ◆ Adult and children's sailing classes each summer.

643 Main St., Rockland, ME 04841 tel. 207.594.1800
e-mail info@atlanticchallenge.com www.apprenticeship.com

Sea Pearl 21

The answer to safe and comfortable family fun in an easily trailered sailboat. she is a deluxe camp cruiser with a comfortable style cabin or roomy daysailer with privacy features. She is quick and easy to rig and launch.

• Unsprayed Cat Ketch Rig

For Convenience, Safety & Performance

• Ballast Tanks

Offer increased Performance, Stability & Safety

• Tested, Proven

Leboards

Sail Right Up on the Water

• Convertible Cabin

Has Sun in 2 Minutes
Or a Great Overnighter

• Unique Trailering

Allows for Complete Set Up in 10 Minutes

For Literature or to Receive

"The Not Quite Professional Video"
on the Sea Pearl 21

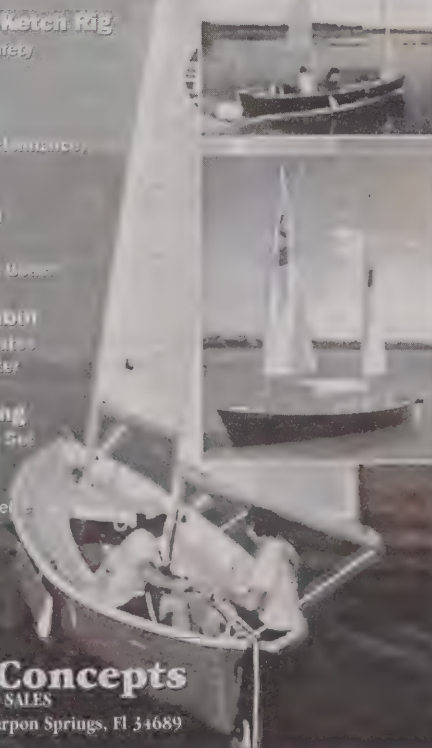
CALL TOLL FREE:

1 (888) 881-BOAT

Marine Concepts

MANUFACTURING AND SALES

243 Ancote Road • Tarpon Springs, FL 34689



Glen-L TNT

(Tiny 'N Terrific)

The styling of this sleek little runabout is based on the larger ski-type inboard boats so popular for high speed use. The TNT is an explosive bundle that'll "blast off" the local hot rodders with a lot more power in their rigs than will be required in the TNT.

Two other outstanding features about the TNT... it's simple and it's easy to build. Our plans, or even more our frame kit, really make the job easy with step-by-step instructions covering all aspects of construction. You can plank the entire boat, including side decks, with just three sheets of 1/4" x 4' x 8' plywood. Careful design has hacked costs down by judicious use of materials. What are TNT builders saying?

"Works great, draws attention, goes fast." William Mondt and grandson Syd, San Diego, California.

"It was fun building it, and it rides really well. The boat is breathtaking, and it gets a lot of attention here in Bergen (western coast of Norway)." Jarle Toekje.

"I just wanted to express my pleasure in the plans and framing kit I recently purchased for the TNT. I found the instructions and plans to be complete and easy to follow, but I must admit I wondered what I had gotten myself into with this being my first attempt at building a boat. I worked on it in the evenings and some weekends and completed it in under two months, which was much sooner than I had figured it would take. I was also concerned that what I built would be too boxy or not flowing; but with the framing and fastening kits you provide, the lines come naturally." Tony Allen, Tallahassee, Florida.

"No matter if you're towing it down the highway or cruising down the lake, you get a lot of looks and people coming up to you and asking how you came of it. I love saying I built it myself. The plans were great, there wasn't any aspect that was left out that I can think of." Nick Rakic, Canada.

Our Glen-L website, www.Glen-L.com, offers photos of this terrific little boat built by various customers. See what other builders have done to customize their TNT to make it really special. You can build your own TNT with Glen-L kits. Contact us for information on the other TNT kits available as well as our over 200 other designs. Our entire catalog is online at www.Glen-L.com. Glen-L, 9152MA Rosecrans Ave., Bellflower, CA 90706, (562) 630-6258.

TNT Specifications

Length overall: 11'-0"

Beam: 5'-0"

Hull depth: 16"

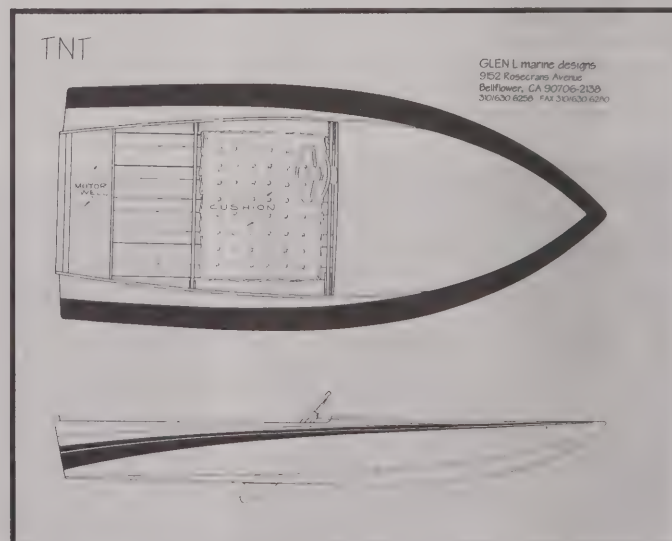
Average passengers: 1-2

Hull weight (approx.): 125 lbs

Hull type: Vee bottom with flaring sides to act as anti-trip chines, developed for sheet plywood planking.

Power: Short shaft outboard motor to 15hp

Trailer: Designed for use with Glen-L Series 650 boat trailer plans.





The Arctic Hawk is an 18' medium-volume touring kayak. The design, by Mark A. Rogers, following the traditional West Greenland skin boats, has become a classic. This affordable, high-performance kit is made of okoume mahogany plywood and manufactured by Chesapeake Light Craft. Mark, of Superior Kayaks, Inc., is a respected designer who in turn respects the traditional design wisdom embodied in skin boats.

Our Arctic Hawk is the only Mark Rogers design available in kit form. The waiting list for one of his handmade boats is years-long. An exhaustively detailed, step-by-step manual shows exactly how Mark makes boats to order. By following his directions, you'll wind up with a boat you can be very proud of.

Based on a type used for thousands of years, the Arctic Hawk delivers all the seaworthiness, speed and maneuverability the native hunter relied on at sea. A shallow "V" hull and hard chines combine to produce superb tracking in a kayak that nevertheless turns effortlessly when heeled. A slightly flish-form hull has some fullness in the bow and stern for lift in heavy seas. The low-profile deck gives wind and waves little to work on.

The 22" beam provides good initial stability and the hard chine gives exceptional secondary stability. This faithful Greenland-style boat has a great reputation. It is a perfect boat for paddlers learning rolling techniques and Inuit paddling styles. Novices will appreciate learning to paddle in a craft which responds and tracks as well as the Arctic Hawk. The experienced paddler revels in its performance.

The Arctic Hawk is designed for paddlers approximately 5'8" to 6' tall and 160lbs.

CLC's Arctic Hawk Kit

through 210lbs. Maximum capacity is 350lbs.

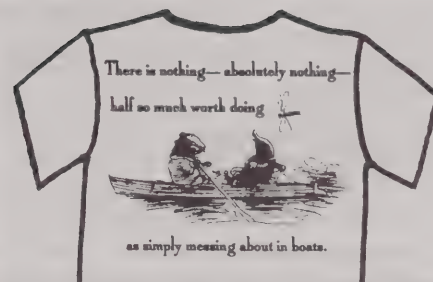
Sea Kayaker magazine reviewed Mark Rogers' Arctic Hawk design in February 1995, saying: "The boat easily carves graceful turns when moving. Our reviewers agreed that the kayak accelerates quickly, is easy to hold at cruising speed and had little tendency to weathercock. The Arctic Hawk is easy to roll, and represents a successful attempt at adapting the traditional Greenland kayak to the modern recreational paddler."

And: "The Arctic Hawk comes alive with motion. The rudderless Arctic Hawk turns well without significant yawing and is very responsive to leaning." "...secondary stability was excellent and loading the boat with 50lbs of gear greatly enhanced initial stability."

Specifications; Length: 18', Beam 22", Waterline with 200lbs. load, 16'. Weight: (okoume mahogany) 42 to 44 lbs. Cockpit: 16" x 20", or the optional CLC Keyhole Cockpit.

The kit includes plans, instruction manual, pre-cut parts, hatches and bulkheads, full deck rigging, Keepers™ adjustable footbraces, epoxy kit, fiberglass for hull and deck, foam seat and backband.

Customer Contact Information: Chesapeake Light Craft, LLC, 1805 George Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 267-0137 9am - 5pm EST weekdays, 10am - 2pm EST Saturdays. Fax 24 hours/day to (301) 858-6335.



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows

The Design Works

toll free 877-637-7464

www.messingabout.com

Give to me and I will give to you,
says the Lord"

(Milachi 3:6)

Your boat & marine equipment are
needed for His service.

Cruising Ministries

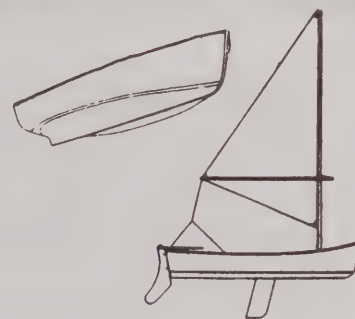
6110 Florida Ave.

New Port Richey, FL 34653

(727) 849-3766

<graced@gte.net>

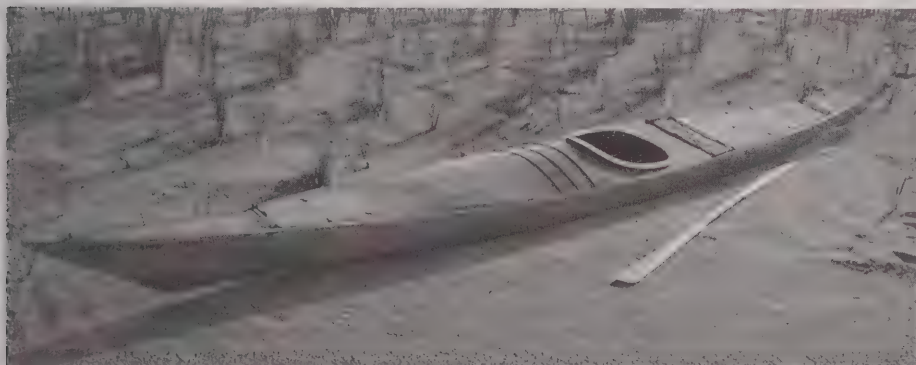
KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY OF MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, PO BOX 1209
FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930, USA



There is some evidence that during their roamings through Germany the Vikings entered the river Ruhr at Duisburg, but it is uncertain whether they went upstream to the area now known as Mulheim an der Ruhr. Today there is actually a local Viking Club, with horned helmets, honey wine, and all. But finding a brightly varnished 12m long Viking boat tied up right across from the Opera House on the slow waters of the Ruhr river took more than a club's quest for authenticity.

Willi Hesse, born of old Mulheim stock, had been nudged by "sensible" advice to head off to college, possibly even to enter the family business. Instead Willi followed his heart, apprenticed to become a boatbuilder, and learned his craft working in small and production boatyards all over Europe from Sweden to Portugal, finally to return with his young family to his home town with the dream of starting the first boatyard in generations.

Before the railways took over for good the transportation business in the last quarter of the 19th century, wooden riverine cargo-craft construction had peaked with 130' long sailing flatbottom lighters, with leeboards and long shallow balanced rudders, hauling up to 165 tonnes of coal to the growing industries on under 3' of draft. At their peak there was a fleet of over 370 hulls, carrying nearly

Bolger on Design Longship

Update on Design #572
 38' x 8' x 1'11" x 14 oars x 247sf of Sail

a million tons a year. In this rough trade in narrow shoal waters they were typically expected to last 15-20 years. By 1916 the last "Ruhraak" was worn out and cut up.

Once one of the richest of the old towns that make up the backbone of the Ruhr-Gebiet industrial belt, Mulheim has recently lost a major national steel works and now depends in part upon the fortunes of a major power-station builder for jobs and tax-base. Unofficial unemployment is said to be near the 20% mark and local politics is heavy with efforts to stave off the worst of social disruption in the wake of such massive economic changes. Willi Hesse had found a location at the commercial harbor downstream where he built up his boat construction and storage business, and now saw opportunities for a partnership between him and the City that would

help mitigate the local problems and add an attraction to the town's waterfront.

The idea was to provide at least temporary jobs for people off the unemployment line, by offering work on projects in the Hesse Boots Werft. To test the idea of putting city, state and federal funds to good wooden boat-building use, Hesse assembled a small crew and built to his own design the 8.75m x 2.4m "Scholl'sche Fahre" (Scholl's Ferry), an electric plywood/epoxy passenger ferry connecting two particularly pleasant parts of the city's waterfront.

Excited by this successful cooperation, a department store tycoon with local roots was ready to fund a full scale reproduction of a typical 130' "Ruhr-Aak" on which his early family fortunes had apparently been based. While, in his by now crowded yard, the wooden structure is being assembled in three sections, using only massive oak framing and equally large custom spikes, Hesse was casting around for a smaller project to keep motivation and public support going.

The *WoodenBoat* books catalogue had over the years provided him with sustenance, particularly when the business was slow, a customer taxing, and the mind particularly hungry for dreams and inspiration. Hesse had found in our *Boats With an Open Mind* the

Longship, Design #572. With 12m of length it was not too intimidating or costly, and with 8' beam and glued lapstrake plywood construction it was eminently roadable for storage or fast travel to desirable but distant cruising waters. It seemed much more doable and of greater utility than the conventional larger designs built here and there in northern Europe. And it seemed perfect to capture the imagination of wannabe "vikings" and sedentary arm-chair warriors alike.

For day trips, 14 oarsmen plus helm and lookout can be carried, and for the great "expedition" down the river to the sea 8 can sleep on her smooth deck in cozy proximity, "Viking Style". Her light and stiff structure promised a good show under oar and square-sail alike, while being unsinkable to public-safety regulator's satisfaction. Soon the project was underway, with the town's paper keeping the city abreast of progress, and grade-school children competing for honors finding a (to them) suitable name and depicting the future Viking Ship in crayons and water colors.

Passed on in confidence, it seems at first glance that a mind-boggling sum was spent on the project. Indeed, the actual boat materials and associated gear were a very small line item on the balance sheet. The vast majority of funds went to paying the at least temporarily "re-employed" who were sent through the gates of the Hesse yard. And a good chunk went to Hesse and his by now well-seasoned instructors for trying to both build a beautiful structure for public scrutiny and provide motivation and discipline on the shop-floor to many who had never before thought of laying a hand on a sharp tool and a stack of premium marine plywood.

Finally, various administrators provided necessary signatures and meaningful nods to keep the process rolling towards the official launching day last summer; trials out of public view in late winter had satisfied expectations well enough to send out invitations far and wide. At last, the Longship was built.

Under blue skies with puffy clouds, Mulheim's annual river festival attracted around 50,000 on June 9, 2001, mostly on land, but also whole school classes on home built rafts splashing their craft in competition towards the finish-line near the quickly erected "ways" on which the boat had been hauled up late last night. For the politicians and administrators this was a sure-fire event for laudatory remarks on good weather, historic context, and labor policy from City Hall on up to the Federal Minister for Economy himself straight from Berlin.

For Willi Hesse, the day was one of frantic last-minute preparations, seemingly relaxed tete-a-tetes with assembled notables, and the usual fretting over what could go wrong during this public launching.

Nothing did go wrong. The politicians of competing parties attempted to row in unison for a change, with limited success, and soon, with enough beer and wine circulating throughout the event, the tension of the day dissipated as well for the crew of the Hesse boatyard that had worked so hard to get this project realized. Many civilians would crowd into her all afternoon for a turn at her oars, although the local "Viking" horde never quite were able to leave their feast on shore to "get a feel" for it. Since she is intended to serve for youth work and is available for adult charter as well, others will eventually put in enough

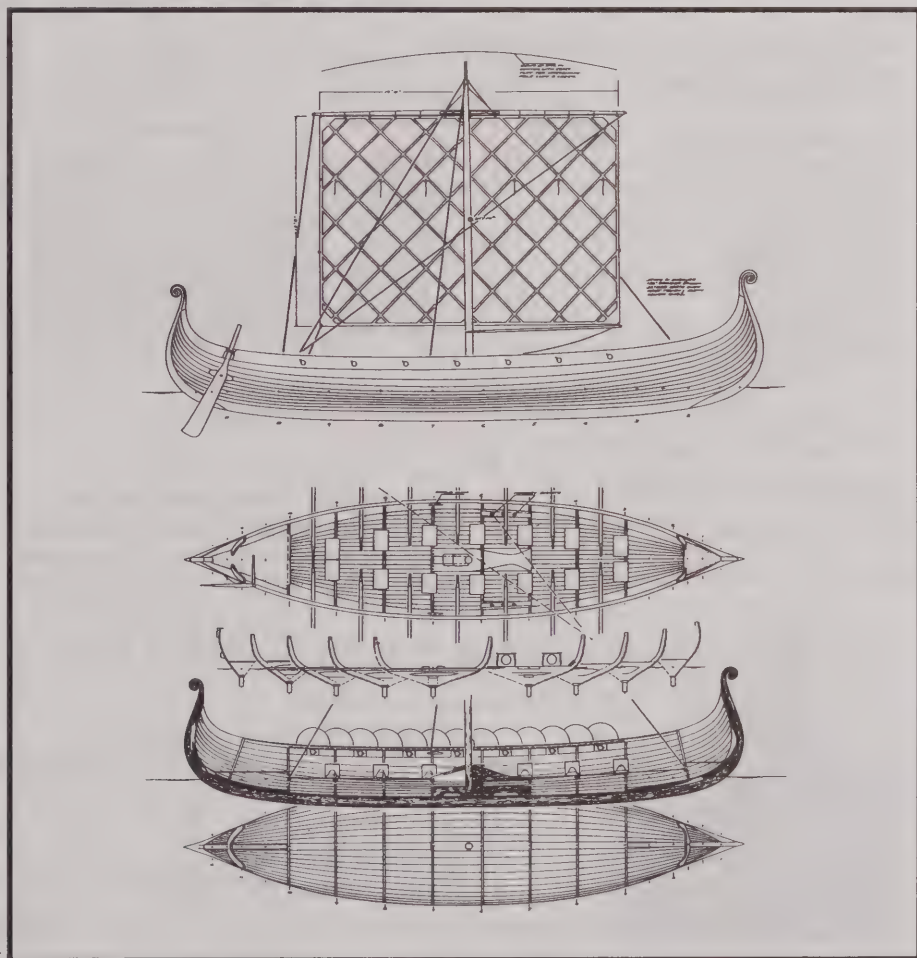
practice aboard *Muwi* (Mioo-vee) to offer a good show of muscular choreography to strut their and her stuff "under power". After all, there is talk of trailering and floating her to "real" Viking meets on the Baltic and North Seas.

Before a slight case of post-partem depression would set in, now that she was officially in City hands, Hesse once more assembled his foreman, instructors and friends on the boat, rowed away into the slight breeze that had begun sending ripples past her elegant topsides, turned, and set sails for a gentle run upriver back into town as the light began to fade.

The Longship now is under the administration of the City of Mulheim an der Ruhr (www.mulheimruhr.de), and available for private charter as well. Contact administrator Ms Stein, Phone (0)208-4444605; Fax: (0)208-4443601; or via e-mail, <public-car@stadtdienste.de>

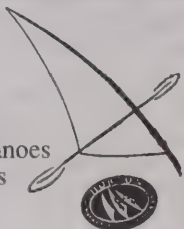
Willi Hesse can be reached at: Bootswerft Hesse, Hafenstrasse 15, 45478 Mulheim an der Ruhr; Tel/Fax (49) (0)208-479951.

Plans for Design #572 Longship, are available from Phil Bolger and Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627, USA, Fax (978) 282-1349.



SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampan

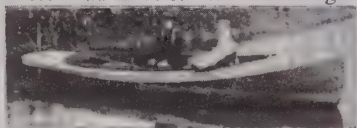


HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.
Mt. Clemens, MI 48045
(810) 468-6456
<huhorton@tir.com>

SUTHERLAND BOAT & COACH

4th Generation Boat Builder
Builds & Restores
Wooden Sail / Row Boats
Motor Launches & "Woodie" Wagons



416-1/2 W. Lake Rd.
Hammondsport, NY 14840-9603
(607) 868-3993

Building a Boat?

Let Greg Rossell help.
He has written *Building Small Boats*, which covers both traditional lapstrake and plank on frame construction. 278 pages, hardcover, \$39.95.



Order Toll-Free 1-800-273-7447
or visit our site and click the link
for WoodenBoat Books.

WoodenBoat, PO Box 78
Naskeag Road, Brooklin, ME 04616
www.woodenboat.com

Builders & Restorers

New from Compass Classic Yachts 14' CLASSIC CAT



Good looks •
Easy handling •
Speed •
Versatility •
Forgiveness •
LOA 14' •
Beam 7' •
Draft 10" •

Seats •
Cockpit room •
Comfort •
Stability •
Low maintenance •
Affordable price •
SA 130 sq. ft. •
Displacement 600#



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

Hansen & Company Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Rowing Dorries,
Kayaks & Other Small Boats
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@aol.com
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of
Marblehead, MA, ca 1980. Built:
C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997

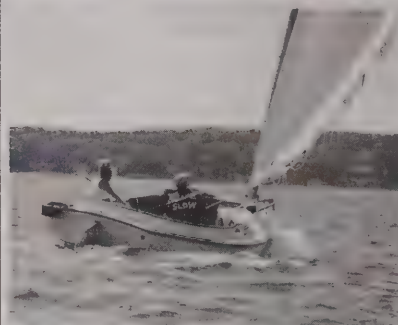


C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
HC 61 Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: stickney@midcoast.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' "CAT"

12' Kitten - 16' Lynx
20' Cruising Cat
Traditional elegance with a
fiberglass hull, teak trim & floor-
boards, all fittings solid bronze
sitka spruce spars

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>
E-mail: catboat@cape.com



TRADITIONAL WOODEN
BOATBUILDING
REPAIRS & RESTORATIONS

ROB BARKER
615 Moyers Ln., Easton, PA 18042
Phone / Fax (610) 253-9210

Robb White & Sons, Inc.

Custom Small Boats
Forty Years

P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799



O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOATS



*Dedicated to the Creation
and Preservation of
Vintage Wooden Watercraft
on the eastern shore of the
Chesapeake Bay.*

Marc Barto • 12319 Coopers Lane
P.O. Box 611 • Chestertown, MD 21620
(410) 778-3213 Fax (410) 778-8138

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats

Builders of the famous Town Class sloop
in wood or fiberglass as well as other cus-
tom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail
Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood
Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks -
Deadeyes - Bullseyes -
Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

This Space Available Only \$30 per Issue

Your ad here will let 5,000
subscribers know that you
are in the boatbuilding
business, and per-haps
amongst them you will
find some new customers.
It's a low cost way to find
out.

Write or Call
Messing About in Boats
29 Burley St.
Wenham, MA 01984
(978) 774-0906

**Cullison
SmallCraft**

Builders of Traditional and
Contemporary Rowing and Sailing Craft

Richard Cullison 11515 Kenton Drive
301-946-5002 Silver Spring, MD 20902

www.CullisonSmallCraft.com

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW	Construction	BAYBIRD
12' Cape Cod Catboat	Fiberglass Hull & Deck Varnished Oak Trim Bronze Hardware Wooden Spars	18' Gaff Sloop
LOA - 12'4" Beam - 6'2" SA - 100sf Displ. 440lbs	NEW! Compass	LOA 18' 0" Beam - 5'6" SA - 145sf LWL - 16' Draft 0'8"
CLASSIC CAT 14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat Dealer Inquiries Invited		
COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC. Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032 (Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)		

REDD'S POND BOATWORKS

Thad Danielson
1 Norman Street
Marblehead, MA 01945

thadd@mediaone.net 781-631-3443 888-686-3443

Wooden Boat Building, Classic Designs,
Traditional Construction and Materials

HADDEN BOAT COMPANY

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

Currently building
34' W. Atkin tunnel stern
Sea Bright Skiff

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548 207-371-2662

PICCUP PRAM



11' X 4'5" OA - 100# Empty
Taped Seam Multichine
\$20 Plans - \$1 INFO ON 8 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

BUILD A LITTLE DUBBER

KAYAK size 7-1/2' or 9'

Weights 25 to 30 lbs. easy
stitch and glue
Very stable

76 page
humor filled
manual \$15 + \$2 shipping
Peter Hunt - The Shed for Sail Studio
PO Box 135 Norton, MA 02766 508-285-4984



Shoestring Shipyard

Boat plans, books, kits and
boatbuilding classes for
the backyard boatbuilder.

www.shoestringshipyard.com
PO Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
508.888.7960

Build "Rocking Dory"



48" x 18" McKenzie River Dory Rocker

Fast Build Stitch & Glue Full Scale Patterns
10pp Directions, Illustrations, Color Photos
\$15 Plans, \$175 Precut Parts

Terry Lesh

80 Bennet Cr. Rd.

Cottage Grove, OR 97424

Plans & Kits



Beach Cruiser
Footloose

Plans for Heirloom
Cradle Boats
and Watercraft
Developed and
Drawn with the
Amateur Builder
in Mind



Cradle Boat
Baby Tender

Jordan Wood Boats

P.O. Box 194 • South Beach, OR 97366 • 541-867-3141
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Don't be afraid to STRIP!

Build a Beautiful Canoe, Kayak or Rowboat



Kits • Plans • Books
Cove & Bead Strips



the **NEWFOUND** *Catalog*
WOODWORKS inc. \$3.⁰⁰

(603) 744-6872 fax (603) 744-6892

67 Danforth Brook Rd. • Bristol, NH 03222
email: info@newfound.com • www.newfound.com



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans & Finished Boats

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 824 Thompson St.
Glastonbury, CT 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



Glen-L marine designs
PO Box 1804/AM2
9152 Rosencrans Ave.
Bellflower, CA 90707-1804
562-630-6258 fax 562-630-6280



'TUBBY TUG'
9' Stitch & Glue
Kid's Tugboat
Plans & Patterns \$47

WWW.GLEN-L.COM

Gigantic 216-page Design Book - lots of photos
& info; over 240 designs, ONLY \$9.95, "How to
Epoxy Manual" \$2. Complete catalog on-line
www.Glen-L.com or phone 562-630-6258 to or-
der. MC/Visa/Disc/Amex



Build the Mark V 39

Simple flat-bottomed hull, no lofting,
Over 8 knots with 25 hp outboard. Nice
roomy cabin, 6'8" headroom. Study
plans \$5.00, building plans \$85.00

Mark V Designs

1019 Riviara Dr.
Boonville, MO 65233
<<http://markvdesigns.com>>



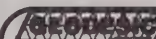
SWIFTY 12



A light-
weight,
sturdy
wooden
beauty
anyone can
build from
our pre-as-
sembled
kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13
kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-
hour demonstration video, \$23.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.by-the-sea.com/shellboats

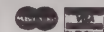


Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



www.geodesicairliteboats.com

SWAMP YANKEE BOATS

Three Ultralight Stitch & Glue Versions
1. Ruston's "Wee Lassie" Solo Canoe
2. Rob Roy Type Decked Solo Canoe
3. Touring Kayak

Information Packet \$2.00

Robert W. Sparks

36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun
to build from inexpensive materials, and her
performance will delight you. Innovative foam
core deck and ample flotation make her extra
safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children
if they can get her away from dad. Truly a break-
through in small boat design. Hit of the Port
Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting.
Plans with full size station patterns and detailed
instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

15654 57-1/2 Rd., Collbran, CO 81624-9778

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



SANDPIPER
13'9" Sailing Skiff
With Choice
of Rig



SHOVELER
9'9" Pram Dinghy
For Daysailing,
Camping
Children's Boat

**OYSTER-
CATCHER**
15'6" Flatiron
Sailing Skiff
For Daysailing
& Camping



SPOONBILL
15'10" Sailing
Scow For
Camping Or
As Outboard Launch



PLANS FOR EASY HOME BUILDING

Visit us on www.broadlyboats.com
or send \$1 for details of each boat

Conrad Natzio Boatbuilder, The Old School, Brundish Road,
Raveningham, Norwich NR14 6NT, UK,
Tel.Fax +44 1508 548675



ATKIN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Over 200 designs. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities, and houseboats. \$10 U.S., \$15 Canada, \$18 overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN DESIGNS

P.O. Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00.

BOOKS: ☐ *Instant Boats*, \$16.00 ☐ *Build the New Instant Boats*, \$19.95 ☐ *How to Build Your Own Boat*, \$20.00 ☐ *Build the Instant Catboat*, \$12.95 ☐ *How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory*, \$7.95 ☐ *Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing*, \$7.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson*, \$19.95 ☐ *Bolger's 103 Small Boat Rigs*, \$28.95 ☐ *Boat Modeling the Easy Way*, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt.-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures
as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$147.00

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- **REICHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- **NESTE** Gel Coats
- Sikaflex Urethane Sealants
- Gloucester Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- 2 part Urethane Pour Foam



Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood
Flour Pigments • Milled & Chop Fibers •
Squeegees Syringes • Brushes • Rollers •
Paper Pots • Gloves Coveralls • And More

LOW
PRICES
ON:

Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399, E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax (413) 736-3182 - www.mertons.com

Free
Catalog! **800-333-0314**

Supplies

SEE SMALL-CRAFT SAILS

AND GET A QUOTE AT

www.dabblersails.com

OR CONTACT US AT

- dab@crosslink.net
 - Ph/fax 804-580-8723
 - PO Box 235, Wicomico Ch., VA 22579
- Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St. Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick. New
supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr. Urbanna VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest.
Surprisingly affordable.
Most shipped UPS. Write for
free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY

Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD CAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108
DRAFT RUDDERS • TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372
Fax (401) 232-1029

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020
Fax: (207) 564-3667
Web: www.woodencanoes.com

Clearly the best
WEST SYSTEM® Brand
207 Hardener

Kayak built by Ted Moores, master builder, teacher and author of *Candecraft & Kayakcraft*. Ted has used WEST SYSTEM Brand products for 29 years. He recommends 105/207 for the ultimate clear finish. www.bearmountainboats.com

For fabric applications and clear coating,
WEST SYSTEM 105 Resin & 207 Hardener

- Maintains clarity and has extremely low blush formation—as low as "no blush" epoxies
- Requires fewer coats to fill fiberglass weave than other epoxies
- Apply three or more coats in one day and sand the next—your projects get finished faster

WEST SYSTEM
BRAND

■ Epoxy products Reliable solutions



Gougeon Brothers, Inc.
989.684.7286
www.westsystem.com

Call today for your **FREE User Manual & Product Guide**

OKOUME • SAPELE • TEAK

MARINE PLYWOOD

Hardwood Plywood
Hardwood Lumber

1 (800) 899-1664

We Ship Anywhere!



MAINE COAST LUMBER
35 Birch Hill Road
York, ME 03909

TEAK & HOLLY • LAUAN

SPIC • KHAYA • FIR

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

We have old Atlas Co. machines. Pure half hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories.

3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8"

12 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8"

Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.

STRAWBERRY BANKE MUSEUM

POB 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

YANMAR
Diesel Power

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Award Winning Dealer 9hp-500hp Diesels

Full Parts Inventory

Expert Technical Assistance

8 Park Place, (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island, ME 04066 (207) 833-5852

E-mail: oibw@gwi.net

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE



'83 Marshall Catboat Hull, 26' x 12' x 2'6". FG is about 7/8" thick at keel, solid, no core. Finished out by Concordia Yachts, S. Dartmouth, MA. Chosen for its stability for a man in a wheelchair. 75hp, 4cyl FWC Volvo diesel, 2:1 reduction w/less than 100 hrs. Edison hydraulic steering & wheel. Twin bilge keels. 2 bronze seacocks are only holes in bottom of boat. 5 dbl bronze steps on rudder & hull, 4 10" & 1 12" cleats, 4 chocks, 12 HD chainplates for any combo, dbl rubrails w/1/2 rnd guard, all above hvy bronze. Cabin section about 1" of insulation, 9 cabin windows all opening, molded in deck shelf entire hull length, full length engine stringers 2" x 10", extra stiffeners in hull. Crows nest, 2 gin poles. Gear that goes w/boat too much to list or remember. Also scale model of boat incl. \$25,000. '72 Marshall 22, new sail & sail cover '99. 22hp Palmer (gas) runs vry well. Larger sail area than normal. Open arrangement below. Nds cosmetics & repairs around deck icebox. Sailed every day from May to November weather permitting. \$19,000.

BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head, NJ 08742-4750, (732) 295-1590 before 9am or after dark, at 81 I still go out to play every day. Sorry, no email. (4)



24' Cat Ketch, custom blt '62 Atlantic City area. Unstayed spruce masts, hull cedar on white oak, FG on ply decks & cabin, keel/CB. Draft 2-1/2' board up. Recently painted & varnished. '01 Honda OB low hrs. In water Stone Harbor, NJ. \$3,500. MIKE FITTIPALDI, Colonia, NJ, (732) 388-2111. (5)



'67 O'Day Tempest, 23' refurbished 2000. Great family boat, large cockpit, gd overnighter, v-berth fwd, head. New mast 2001, Hood roller furler, new genoa 1.3 1994, new stays 2001. Mercury 9.5 new in box '96, installed '99, long shaft, used twice total 5 hrs, electric start has alternator two batteries sys, 2 tanks, 2 anchors. AM/FM stereo cassette, spks. \$8,000 OBO w/motor, \$6,900 OBO wo/motor. 7 boat stands \$350.

DICK & SUE BRESNAHAN, Salem, MA, (978) 744-4910. (5)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



Eclipse, beautiful custom kayak by Jim Luton of Islander Design. 16' x 23". Lapstrake occume ply, watertight bulkheads & hatches, aircraft birch decks, w/ 38sf BSD Batwing full expedition sailrig. Fast sailer & able paddler. \$2,250.

JIM LUTON, Brooklyn, NY (718) 633-5844. Pictures at <http://www.islanderdesign.com/eclipse>. (5)



27' Catamaran, Bob Harris designed Sunburner, '75. 13'6" beam, 400sf sail. 4 berths, stdng hdmr, small galley & nav, portapotti, 9.9hp Evinrude. Rugged Airex construction, proven coastal cruiser. New business forces sale. \$3,500.

JIM LUTON, Bronx, NY. (718) 633-5844. Pictures & info at <http://www.islanderdesign.com/flyingtiger> (5)



Windrider 16, w/trlr. New Sail & mast ext. Over \$5,000 replacement value, asking \$2,500.

JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188, <LAGRASSOJ@AOL.com> (5)

14' Sunfish, Compl w/sail, rudder & daggerboard. In gd cond. \$450 OBO.

JOHN MCCOY, New Bedford, MA, (508) 992-6678 or (508) 990-0457. (5)

17' 1890s Peterborough Canadian Sailing Canoe, cedar board, ash batten, basswood flr bds, walnut thwarts, leeboards, rudder, ash coaming, butternut decking, Egyptian cloth sail. RARE. Pristine. \$14,000

ANN BLISS, Old Lyme, CT (860) 434-7680. (4P)



25' Custom Gaff Sharpie Yawl, designed/blt by respected NW designer Bob Peterson in '88. Well maintained. Lovely traditional looking boat; turns heads every time. Great sailer sails upright & points high, typical 5.5-6.5 knots speed, has made 8 knots! Displaces 6500lbs, with 2400lbs inside lead ballast. Draft 1.5' w/board up, 4' down yet proven self righting! Vy stable & seakindly. Almost new tanbark sails incl topsail. Tabernacle. FG over marine ply hull; Sitka spars. Completely dry bilge. New 8hp Honda. Slps 4. Woodstove. Fully equipped. Custom trlr. Veteran of Queen Charlotte Sound, etc. Danforth & CQR anchors. GPS, VHF, knotmeter, depthsounder. \$14,950.

PETER WILCOX, Portland, OR, (503) 249-7981, <pwilcox@easystreet.com> (5)



11'6" Penguin #8802, wood, Built late '60s? Fully refurbished 3 yrs ago. Exc trainer, grt for 1 or 2 adults. Enormous racing class, favorite for frostbiting. Fitted cover. \$975. Can deliver ME to MD. JEFF HILLIER, North Hampton, NH, (603) 964-5074, <jfhillier@aol.com> (4)

'85 Dovekie, Edey & Duff Hull #123, w/port quarter motor mount, hard & soft hatch covers, sail & mast cover, storage bin covers, oars, 4hp Johnson Sailmaster OB, various fuel canisters, gimbaled propane stove, galv Edey & Duff trlr w/pr of lockable chests bracketing the bow of the boat for transporting the OB motor & fuel canisters on the road. All in exc cond. \$5,800. **'89 Klepper Aeriux-I Expedition**, single-place folding kayak w/dbl-blade paddle & a pr of cordura-like bags for transport. Kayak frame, rubber skin, & bags all in exc cond. \$2,100.

NICK SCHEUER, Rockford, IL, (815) 398-5640, <mobyntick@juno.com> for details. (4)

21' Dovekie, Hull #84, '83, shoal draft daysailer/camper cruiser, red hull, white deck & interior, tan-bark sail, oars, rowing seat, bow CB, FG galls, 5hp '86 Yamaha, Bruce anchor, Edey & Duff galv trlr. All gd cond. Will deliver reasonable distance. \$3,500

BILL DODDMAN, Phoenix, AZ, (480) 940-0596, <WVDoddman@aol.com> (4)

Rebel Sloop, '69, 16' FG, trlr, 5hp Evinrude: New: running rigging, trlr tires, trlr lights, motor mount, trlr winch strap. Still in production with parts available from mfr. \$1100.

DANIEL E. FARMER, Greenwich, NJ, (856) 455-4903, <danfarmer@worldnet.att.net> (4)



21' Drascombe Longboat, new trlr, 5hp Mercury OB, well equipped incl Autopl. Abt ready to sail. \$7,000

BOB DWYER, Essex, CT, (860) 767-8381. (5)

GJAC, Matt Leyden designed sharpie coastal cruiser, 14.5' x 4' x 1', ballasted for stability. 100sf standing lug in gd cond; roller reefing & furling; scull & push pole. Has leebeds & kickup rudder. Some cruising gear incl. Galv trlr w/new wheels & tires.

D.G. MUSTANTE, CT, <aol.com>, (860) 448-3615. (4)

23' Birdwatcher, '86 Phil Bolger design. Lauan mahogany ply w/1" marine fir bottom w/West System @ epoxy, SS fittings. Professionally blt. Galv trlr, 3.5hp Chrysler OB, porta-potti, oars, row box/seat, many extras. All in gd cond. A ltwt shallow draft cabin/cockpit sailboat, one of Bolger's favorite designs. Asking \$3,900.

STEPHEN ANDERSEN, Estes Park, CO, (970) 586-2787. (4)

18' CLC Chesapeake Sea Kayak, big hatches front & rear, CLC "Happy Seat", oversized Featherlite rudder & nylon spray skirt. Well blt. Tan hull, varnished deck. Big, stable boat for the kayaker who wants to play in big water and/or carry scads of gear. \$900.

DAVE BREDEMEIER, Portsmouth, RI, (401) 683-3799. (4)



23' Bolger Retriever, blt by David Montgomery, launched '98, featured in *MAIB* 8/15/98. 90hp 4 cycle Honda, propane htr & stove, elec refrigerator & microwave, GPS, radio, hydraulic steering, 6.5' hdm. All windows & doors screened. Cozy river cruiser. W/tandem trlr. Asking \$29,000.

PAUL CONNOLLY, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 270-0231. (4)

17' Herreshoff Rowboat, blt to orig lines. 84lbs, Honduras mahogany, Sitka spruce, western red cedar. Finely finished w/white linear polyurethane paint outside, varnish inside. A vy competitive fixed seat rowboat easily driven. 2 pr oars (strt & spoon), full length Acralon cover. Like new. \$1,900.

TOM FULK, Anacortes, WA, (360) 293-8368. (4)

'91 Com Pac 23/3, 9.9 elec start Honda, galv dbl axle trlr w/4 new tires, compl new brake system. Bow & stern rails, life lines, swim ladder, VHF, AM/FM/cass, Loran, compass, Danforth w/rode, fenders. Asking \$12,500.

DARRELL YOUNG, China Grove, NC, (704) 855-1155 anytime. (4)



'80 Tanzer 22, solid Fg weekend cruiser. Seaworthy, points well. Price incl trlr, 9.9hp LS OB w/tank, 4 sails, 8' dinghy, Origa alcohol stove, radio, battery, SeaLand portable head. Raised deck, poptop canopy allows stdng hdm. Fin keel sandblasted. Rewired interior. V-berth fwd, 2 qtr berths, dinette, icebox, sink w/water tank, all interior & cockpit cushions. \$4,500 OBO.

KIERON WALSH, Peterborough, NH, (603) 563-8688, <kieron.walsh@prodigy.net> (4)

26' USCG Motor Surfboat, lapstrake cypress on oak. Restored & converted to gaff cutter motor sailer by Thad Danielson & owner at Redd's Pond Boatworks, Marblehead, MA. 2 cabins, rblt Westerbeke 4-108, mast, sails, anchors. Cruise 2, daysail many. Seaworthy & unique dbl ender. \$19,000 OBO.

DAVID GILROY, E. Granby, CT, (860) 658-9972, <bakergilroy@earthlink.net> (4)

Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.

FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

9'2" Escape Mango Sailboat, brand new! Polyethylene hull; "w/smart rig" furling mainsail, weighs 85lbs. Perfect for children and/or beginner adults; no maintenance; \$1,500.00.

DICK VILLA, Manchester, MA, (978) 326-2022. (5)

ComPac 16, just out of covered inside storage. Maybe used, maybe not. Head is still wrapped in paper, sails still folded, bowsprit, SS transom ladder, blt-in compass, genoa track, fabric bunk covering, etc. Motor has alternator & full shift. Hutch trlr. \$7,500.

FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (5)



18.5' Redwing, designed by Karl Stambaugh, blt by The Little Boat Shop. Launched '01. Epoxied occume plywood hull. Silicon bronze fasteners. Mahogany throughout w/teak cockpit sole. Bronze hrdwre & trim. Bristol finish. 15hp Honda 4 cycle w/blt-in fuel tank, 25 hrs on engine. Slips 2 w/head & cooking facilities. Dock lines, anchor & assorted gear. Load Rite trailer especially blt for boat. Financial setback prompts sale.. \$24,000.

RICHARD SULLIVAN, Charlestown, RI, (401) 364-9450. (5)

BOATS WANTED

AMF Alcott Minifish.

AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

Small Houseboat, such as GP-16 by Betts, or Aqua

Casa by Berkeley Engineering. JIM MUNSON, Scottsdale, AZ, (480) 585-0051. (4)

Used Sunfish or Sailfish, nd not be beautiful. \$200-\$300 range.

JEFF HILLIER, North Hampton, NH, (603) 964-5074 <jfhillier@aol.com> (4)

Shell, or wherry design solo rowing boat, 16'-18". RICK MCNALLY, Westport, MA, (508) 636-7179; <rjmcnally@juno.com> (4)

AMF Alcott Minifish.

AL COURTINES, Springfield, MA, (413) 731-9393, (508) 428-8943. (TF)

SALES & RIGGING FOR SALE

Pelican Mainsail, w/sail & spar cover. Exc cond. \$100. Miscellaneous Harken blocks and cleats. Email or write for items and prices.

BOB SMITHSON, 988 NE Locksley, Bend, OR 97701, (541) 382-6470, <bobnyari@aol.com> (4)

Sail, for Bolger/Payson Bobcat, by Bohndell, w/ mast hoops. Used twice. Foot 13'2", Luff 7'9", Leech 16'5", Head 8'8", \$325 OBO.
DOUG ALLEN, 19 Rosewood Dr., Bow, NH 03304, (603) 228-0460. (5)

GEAR FOR SALE



"Life's Too Short to Own an Ugly Boat" Bumper Sticker, \$1.50 ea, add \$1 postage for up to 20.
SOUTHPORT ISLAND MARINE, P.O. Box 320, Southport, ME 04576, (207) 633-6009. (TFP)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world.
T-shirt \$17, Long Sleeve T \$22, Sweatshirt \$27, Tote Bag \$18, Shipping \$4.75, orders up to \$50, over \$0 pleas inquire.

THE DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. Toll free 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



Authentic Canvas Bosun Bucket. Made in Maine! Traditional 18th century English maritime design Made of extra heavy-weight natural canvas. 5 handy outside pockets with a double-weight web handle. Great for boat gear or onshore use! 10.5" tall

X 8.5" wide. \$25, S&H \$5. We accept Visa, MasterCard & American Express.
NORS, PO Box 143, Woolwich, Maine 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, <nors@loa.com>, www.norsgear.com (TFP)

Storage/Launching Rack. Of PT wood. Base 8' x 6.5' x 2'h. Tilting platform w/rollers 16' x 6'. Winch & line to haul boat. Canvas cover on PVC frames stands about 4' above platform. Wt about 150#. \$300. Pix by email <rkugler@optonline.net>
BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236. (5)

Johnson 6hp, 15hp. \$500 ea.
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-11207. (3P)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)



Chog 18 New Design! Tape seam skiff built w/lines taken from a Westport work skiff. 17'10" x 6'3" lt wt, strong & easy on the eyes. Building Plans \$75, Visa/MC JERRY MATHIEU, CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023, Westport, MA, 02790, (508) 679-5050, (508) 636-8020 (4)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TFP)



Build 13-1/2' of Bliss, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2.
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos. FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA2, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.
WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TFP)

Adirondack Guide Boat
in eastern New England at



Rowing Sport
978 356-3623
Alden Shells

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slips 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Swan's Island ME House Rental, \$700/wk. Slips 4 or 5. Boat & kayak launching sites. 6 ferries daily.
IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (TF)

Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat, will still do free pictures of your boat but \$50 for 9" x 12" & \$100 for 18" x 24" will get your painting done first. Send no money until you get a painting you like.
SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040 (TF)



Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.
LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

Clocks & Watches, w/boat theme, pocket watches w/any boat related inscriptions on dial or case, marine clocks of any kind working or not, boat trophies. Also, old paddles & oars. Please call, write or email.
VIBEAUDREAU, 7 Peppercom Ln, E. Granby, CT, 06026, (860) 658-0869, <vbeaudreau@hotmail.com> (5)

STRONG, SAFE, INEXPENSIVE!!!



QUICK and EASY way to turn YOUR canoe, kayak, or any easily driven and somewhat tender small boat into a SIMPLE KNOCK-DOWN MINI-TRI!

Your small kids and grandkids will be delighted and you will be so confident in their safety.

NO HANDS - GO LIKE THE DICK-ENS sailing fun for the old man as well!
Plans and instructions, prepaid,
\$17.95.

Gerard Van Wyk

4253 Red Bush Dr., Grandville, MI 49418

◀ HERITAGE ▶

FEATHERLITE ANGLER

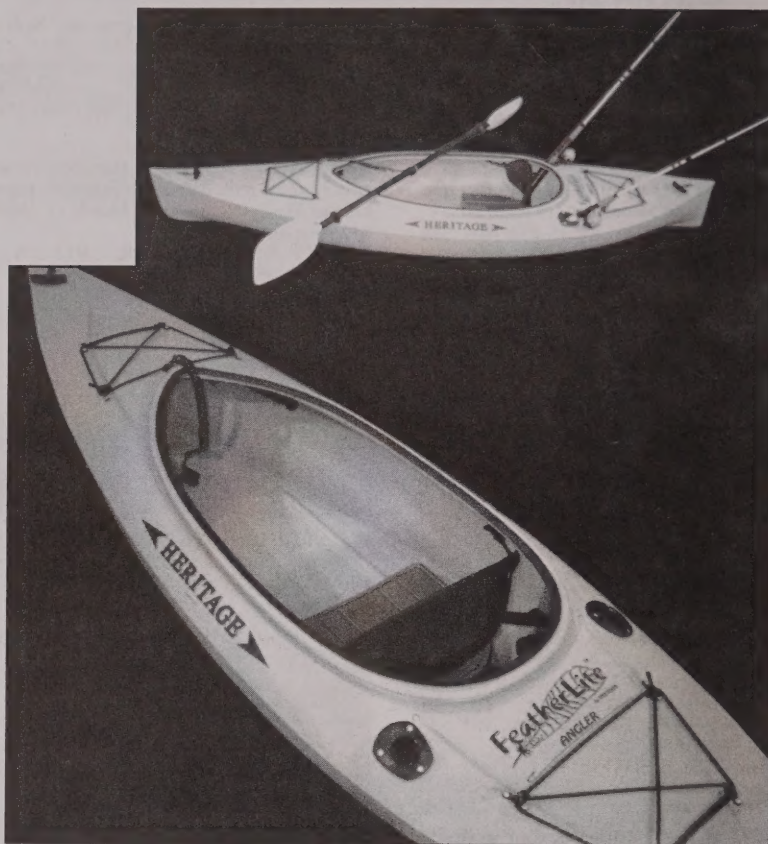
**"I have laid aside business
and gone a-fishing"**

The Compleat Angler

by Izaak Walton (1593-1683)

A good decision Izaak ... you would have loved the FeatherLite Angler, a user friendly, highly stable kayak with a huge 300 pound capacity, specially equipped for fishing. The Angler features two built-in rod holders, a convenient coiled paddle tether, a large non-confining cockpit, adjustable foot-braces, built-in flotation, accessible cargo storage, deck rigging and convenient end carries. For your comfort afloat, the Angler also provides a thick, pressure molded foam seat with an adjustable, padded backband. A built-in skeg lets the kayak track well while still permitting excellent maneuverability and good cruising speed. Weighing only 38

pounds at a manageable 9'5" in length, it's truly a breeze to handle, on or off the water. The Angler is molded in rugged polyethylene, well able to absorb hard knocks without complaint, finished in an inconspicuous low glare sand matte color. Easy to transport, easy to launch and easy on the budget, the FeatherLite Angler is ready to take you where the big ones are!



SUGGESTED RETAIL \$479

Heritage Kayaks • 55 Ballou Boulevard • Bristol, RI 02809 • (401) 253-3408 • www.heritagekayaks.com

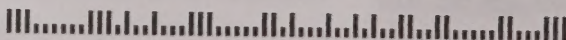
POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

XX-04

messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

S1 P6



*****AUTO**3-DIGIT 019

IRENE AXELROD
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3723

PRSR STD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148